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In this issue *of* The Outlook

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The present Mexican leaders are religious men

who have taken extreme measures to lessen the Church's dominance and give democracy a chance. Thus Dr. Moises Saenz, Mexico's new Vice-Minister of Education, describes the men who are bringing about the social and political changes now taking place in Mexico. An interview with this Mexican educator appears in next week's Outlook.

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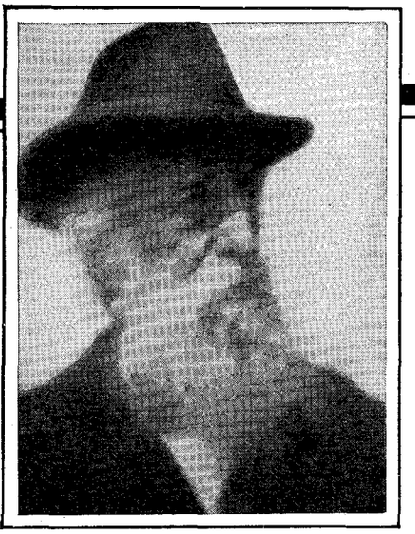

LYMAN ABBOTT

For an honest man whose faith has been shaken by science:

DO you find it difficult in these days of religious ferment and argument and turmoil to hold steadfast to the faith that has been within you? Or do new and disquieting fears crowd in to haunt your mind, making you hungry for more explicit exposition of religious truth and spiritual experience which must find new expression to fit the needs and thought of this new day?

What Does Your Bible Mean to You?

Do you sometimes fear that you must abandon the historic faith of Christendom to accept the theory of evolution? Or do you believe that the historic faith of Christendom when stated in terms of evolutionary philosophy is not only preserved but is so cleansed of pagan thought and feeling as to be presented in a purer and more powerful form—more understandable and more helpful?

What Does Religion Mean to You?

Does it mean a certain form of worship and a method of living in accordance with the things you learned in Sunday school or from sermons? Or does it mean to you a faith and a power beyond yourself whereby you seek to satisfy your emotional needs, gaining stability of life expressed in acts of love, charity, and service?

Or does religion mean to you a life itself, "mystical in its roots and practical in its fruits"? Or do you like to think of it, above all, as "communion with God, a calm and deep enthusiasm, a love which radiates, a force which acts, a happiness which overflows"—in short, a state of the soul?

Whatever may be your belief, faith, doubt, perplexity, or fear, you will find clearly set forth and illuminated in two volumes by Lyman Abbott, which it is now the privilege of The Outlook Company to publish in a special edition, a calm and deep-seeing interpretation of many of the religious questions that are haunting men's minds.

These books are entitled "The Evolution of Christianity" and "The Theology of an Evolutionist." In them Dr. Abbott "endeavors to indicate the direction in which modern thought is looking," his sole and simple aim being "so to apply the fundamental principle of evolution to problems of religious life and thought that the life which that principle has afforded and the inspiration which it has furnished in the realm of natural science may be valuable to the non-scholastic and non-professional reader."

Dr. Abbott's volumes assume the truth of this principle of evolution as defined by Professor Le Conte: "A continuous, progressive change according to certain laws and by means of resident forces." And he admits no ground for controversy in the deeper underlying questions; for he says: "He who believes in the evolution of revelation no longer has to tease his mind, arguing that the creative days were æons, that the sun standing still was an optical delusion due to peculiar refraction of rays, and that some whales have mouths big enough to allow the passage of a man. He frankly treats the stories of creation, of Joshua's campaign, and of Jonah's adventures as literature characteristic of the childhood age of the world and looks for the moral lessons which are behind them."

The Secret of Spiritual Evolution

Here, then, are two volumes on evolution in the light of religion of great value to every man and woman who would understand the Bible and its teachings more clearly.

Volume One considers the evolution of the Bible, of theology, of the Church, of Christian society, and of the soul, with special attention to the secret and the consummation of spiritual evolution.

Volume Two considers creation by evolution, the genesis of sin, the evolution of revelation, the place of Christ in evolution, redemption by evolution, the evolution of sacrifice and propitiation, and evolution as related to miracles and to immortality.

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The Outlook

Volume 147 September 14, 1927 Number 2

Chicago's Perennial School Row

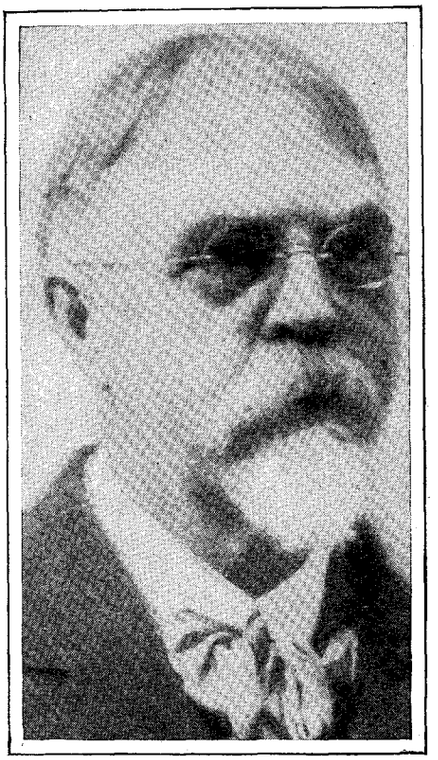
WILLIAM McANDREW'S career in Chicago has been stormy. Coming there from New York to become directing head of Chicago's school system, he was greeted by progressives as a progressive. He had been chosen by a school board appointed in the main by Mayor Dever. Before long those who had hailed him began to complain that he was arbitrary. The criticism was due largely to the establishment by him of discipline which was sorely needed. Thus trouble was brewing early. Then ex-Mayor Thompson, running as a candidate against Mayor Dever, boldly declared that if he were elected he would oust Mr. McAndrew. He declared that under Mr. McAndrew's Superintendency the Chicago schools were permeated with pro-British teachings, and he fulminated against King George V. But under the law the Superintendent is not removed except by trial and on charges. Mr. McAndrew's term expires on the first of next February. Without waiting for the term to expire, the Board of Education has brought charges and has suspended Mr. McAndrew pending the trial.

Nominally, the charge against Mr. McAndrew is that of insubordination. There are nearly three hundred teachers employed in clerical work which Mr. McAndrew says can be done only by persons with the training and experience of teachers. Mayor Thompson's Civil Service Commission demanded that those teachers be replaced by clerks selected under the Civil Service Law. As there is no eligible list, the first clerks to be appointed would be chosen by spoils methods. Mr. McAndrew declared the order ambiguous. In litigation started by the teacher-clerks Mr. McAndrew was called as a witness and testified that, in his opinion as an educator, the positions should be filled by persons with the training and experience of teachers. This testimony, counter to the views of the Board of Education, defendant in the suit, angered the Board's attorney. It was inconceivable that an official of the Board should subordinate the will of the Board and its attorney to his own professional standards.

Are American public schools to be conducted for the sake of the children or for the sake of politics? This is the question involved in the trial of Mr. McAndrew. The trial will be conducted by the Board of Education.

The "Peteys" Displace the "Jennies"

AT National Guard flying-fields the old "Jenny" airplanes, which have been the training ships of volunteer aviators in the Reserve Corps, took off on September 1 for the last time. Their nickname came from the letters J-N by which they were classified, but "Jenny" was too gay a name for them. Designed in 1915, of wooden construction, and often under-powered according to modern standards, they had a record of nose-diving crashes that won them the unenviable title of "flying coffins."



Underwood & Underwood

William McAndrew, suspended Superintendent of the Chicago public schools

These antiquated planes have now been scrapped in accordance with an army order of last April. During the summer training-camp period intervening between that order and its date of taking effect there were two fatal accidents in these "Jenny" planes. At Pine Camp, New York, on July 6, the fall of one of these planes killed Captain Curtis Wheeler and Lieutenant Carl Sack. At Wichita, Kansas, a little over a month later, Lieutenant C. A. Pearson lost his life when another of them plunged to earth.

Neither of these costly casualties has been satisfactorily explained, and probably neither can ever be explained. All we know is that young men of incalculable value to their country were allowed to risk their lives in airplanes admitted —by the fact of the army order retiring them—to be obsolete and dangerous. Why their continued use was permitted is the real mystery.

"Petey" planes, that take their nickname from the letters P-T classifying them as preliminary training planes, will replace the "Jennies." The "Peteys" are up to date in design, construction, and power, and bid fair to make a better record than the ill-fated "Jennies." The lamentable thing is that they are coming into service so late. If the importance and merits of the National Guard service had been recognized, the civilian volunteers would have had the modern planes they have needed and the "Jennies" would all have been on the junk-heap at least a year ago. From now on, it is to be hoped, the Guard will get more of the sort of attention and equipment it deserves.

Air Flights, Actual and Planned

THE transatlantic, no-stop airplane flight westward is, as we write, still in the future. Hope for the St. Raphael and its voyagers — Colonel Minchin, Captain Hamilton, and the Princess Lowenstein-Wertheim — has been abandoned; one theory for which some evidence seems to exist is that the St. Raphael was actually sighted on the Newfoundland coast, but by some strange confusion of compass or pilot flew eastward until her fuel was exhausted. Levine may try the feat any day, and there is a rumor that he too may carry a woman passenger; his pilot, Captain Hinchcliffe, has a high reputation for daring and skill; he was a fighting aviator in war time and has lost one eye. Courtney abandoned the non-stop idea, started for the Azores and came down in Spain. Others may this year brave the fate of Nungesser, Coli, and the St. Raphael's voyagers, but it is doubtful. The reason of the greater danger in the east-to-west flight is succinctly put in an editorial comment of the New

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York "World:" "The aviators are learning what old sailormen knew all along—that it is 'up hill' crossing the North Atlantic headed west. Prevailing winds on that stormy stretch of sea are westerly, and a head wind that impedes a steamship by a fraction of its day's run impedes an airplane by exactly its entire weight per hour."

There are at least half a dozen other trans-sea air flights planned or talked about. There is a continued and growing interest in the world circling of the Pride of Detroit, manned by Brock and Schlee. They were detained at Constantinople because of Turkish red tape; but on September 6 they reached Calcutta. The exciting part of the voyage will be across the Pacific; two stops are planned, one at Midway Islands (belonging to the United States and possessing a radio beacon) and the other at Honolulu. To accomplish this will be a notable aviation feat of daring and skill.

On September 6 Bertaud and Hill started from Old Orchard, Maine, on the voyage on which they hope to reach Rome.

In view of the fact that, including the ten lives lost in the Hawaii race and preparation therefor, fifteen persons (two of them women) have perished in transoceanic flying, it is not surprising that at the recent meeting of the American Bar Association a resolution was unanimously adopted that pledged members of the Bar Association to urge Congress to pass legislation extending the powers of the Secretary of Commerce to include regulation of such flights. Mr. MacCracken, the Assistant Secretary for Aeronautics of the Department of Commerce, commenting on the resolution in an interview, said the Department would be glad to assume regulatory power if Congress saw fit to confer it.

The Other Side of Aviation

DRAMATIC as the round-the-world and transoceanic airplane flights may be, more solid progress in aeronautics is being made by events in this country which are not so widely heralded in the press. The transference by the Post Office Department to private enterprise of the last of its air mail routes—that between New York and Chicago—marks an epoch in aviation development in this country. There are now fifteen privately owned lines flying in the air mail and half a dozen others for which contracts have been let and which will soon be in operation. Nearly all of them, according to Postmaster New, can be conducted with profit and safety.

Another evidence of safe and sane interest in aviation is the response which Colonel Lindbergh has met on his Nation-wide tour. This amazing young man, whose flight to Paris was the first of a series of exploits which is making 1927 a year of aerial marvels, has gone from one success to another, and is doing aviation a far greater service by his tour than if he had attempted new records in the air. So great is the interest in aviation which he personifies that, according to reports, airports seem to be springing up wherever he sets foot. Twenty-two cities have started negotiations for the construction of flying-fields which may serve as stations on the airways of the future.

The transoceanic fliers have taught us two lessons: First, that it is possible to span both the Atlantic and the Pacific; second, that such flights are still very dangerous with present-day equipment. They have pointed the way to a glowing future for aviation, but what we now need is practical development rather than romantic and sensational attempts at further records. The establishment of air lines, the construction of airports, and increasing emphasis upon the factor of safety are the most propitious signs of aeronautical development.

A Message to Legislators

THE judgment of the American Bar Association is the composite judgment of the best legal minds of America. On matters pertaining purely to legal procedure recommendations of this Association should have weight with Congress as great, perhaps, as the recommendations of the President; with other legislative bodies, weight greater, perhaps, than those of Governors, because they more nearly embody the National judgment upon State matters of National import.

The American Bar Association, at its recent meeting in Buffalo, was more concerned with the evil of legal delay than, perhaps, with any other single question. It went on record as declaring that "delays in the course of the law are prejudicial to justice." It cited as an example the Sacco-Vanzetti case. It empowered its committee to meet with committees of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, the American Federation of Labor, the American Bankers Association, and other bodies for the purpose of working out means of expediting trials. When those recommendations are made, it will be the duty of Congress and State Legislatures to give them serious and prompt consideration. Even before they are made it will be the duty of those bodies to give thought to this tremendously important question.

On one matter of delay—outside, however, of regular court procedure—the American Bar Association did not wait for further investigation. It declared that appeals of Federal taxpayers to the Board of Tax Appeals are too long delayed and called upon Congress and the Commissioner of Internal Revenue for correction. It asked, too, that in tax cases where fraud is charged the burden of proof be placed on the Commissioner of Internal Revenue instead of, as it now is, on the taxpayer.

Again, the Association emphasized the importance of uniform State laws on real estate and chattel mortgages, commercial practices, bankruptcy, motor-vehicle regulation.

Another year was given to the various committees for consideration of plans for reforming the rules governing medical and other expert testimony, ridding the profession of dishonest lawyers by additional disbarment proceedings, and abolishing the contingent fee as a cause of corruption and delay in trials.

Farming as an Engineering Problem

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE, it is understood, has been at work recently on the recommendations that he will make to Congress concerning the agricultural situation. The American Society of Agricultural Engineers, through representatives, called on him one day and made recommendations based on the premise that, though the quantity of farm products is adequate, the quality satisfactory, and the cost of food and other products to the consumer not excessive, "a large number of American farmers do not enjoy as favorable a situation as the individuals in other industries and vocations."

The recommendations laid down a program which, in the judgment of the engineers, would place the farmer on a parity with other producers. There is in the program nothing of price-fixing, nothing of withholding products from the channels of trade, nothing resembling the provisions of the McNary-Haugen Bill. Farm financing should be on the basis of the earning power of land rather than on speculative value; industrial uses of farm products should be developed; surplus farm population should be transferred, under supervision, to other industries; an engineering study should be made with the object of securing greater production per farm worker; the Government should carry out a research program in keeping with the work of the agricultural colleges and experiment stations.

If the substance of these recommen-

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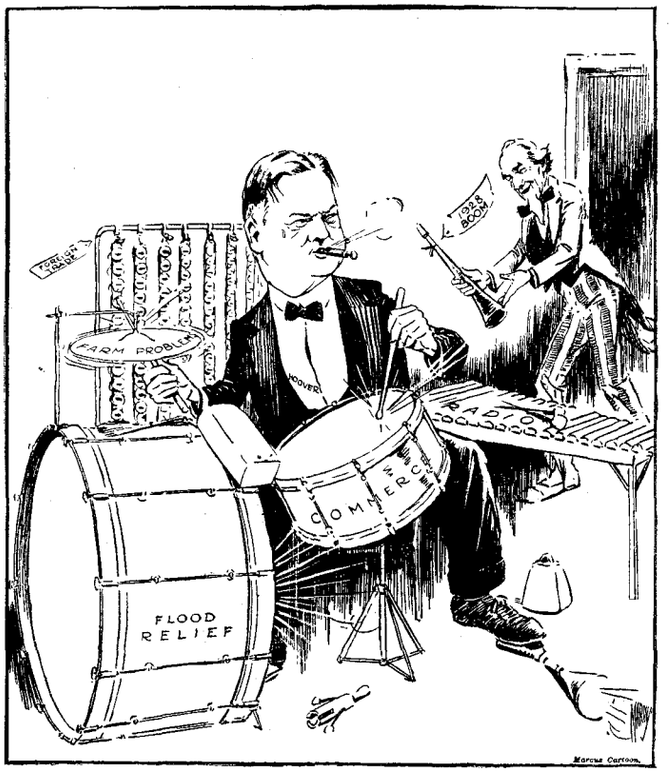
Springfield, Missouri

Let the boys leave to play

(Merry Wives of Windsor, Act IV, Scene 1)

Marcus in the New York Times



What's one more instrument to a trap drummer?

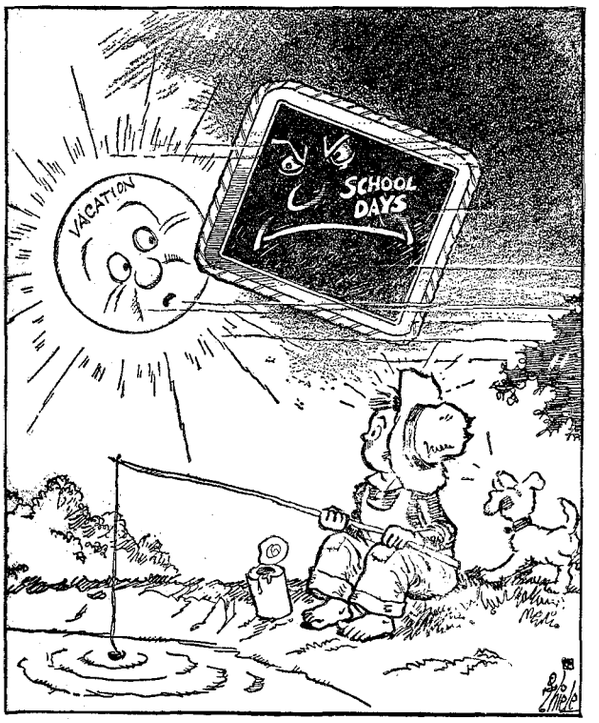
From Dorothy Maynard, Freeport, N. Y.

Clubb in the Rochester Times-Union

Entertaining his friend and neighbor

From Louise P. Vary, Newark, N. Y.

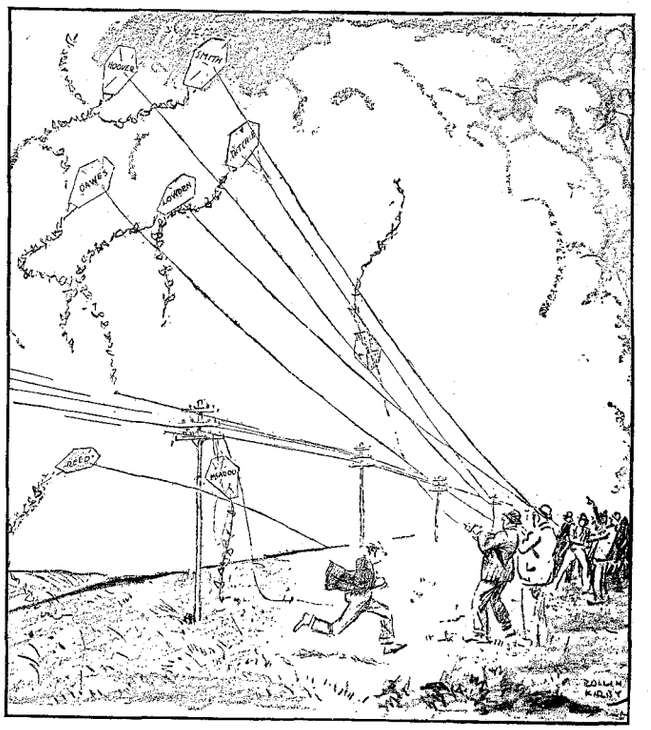
Thiele in the Kansas City Journal



The great annual eclipse!

From Madge Sullivant, Kansas City, Mo.

Kirby in the New York World



Kites in the wind

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

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dations had been made the basis of a Federal program at the time when pressure for farm relief first became heavy, the Government might have done by now the greater part of what Government can do toward the solution of such a problem. The cry now will be from the McNary-Haugenites that agriculture cannot wait for so slow a cure. Of course, it must wait, since the quick cure is no cure, and it is to be hoped that the President will embody some such sound principles in his recommendations to Congress and to his administrative assistants.

Farming as a Problem in Surplus

ON the same day on which the agricultural engineers came to see him, there came also to visit and advise the President a delegation of co-operative dairymen and a group interested in the development of the Columbia River Basin irrigation project.

The dairymen urged the fostering of co-operative farming organizations and an educational program among their members to get more butter fat from each cow. The President is reported to have urged them to milk more cows. If by this he meant that the problem of farming is how to produce more, not per acre or per cow, but per farm worker, he was simply stating a sound principle in concrete form. But of course the farmer who merely milks more cows that do not pay in milk for their feed and care is like the cheap John who argues that he can afford to sell suits below cost because he makes so many of them.

The irrigationists certainly offered no solution to the farmers' problems. To add 1,800,000 acres to the farm land of the country at a time when the farm land now in cultivation does not pay the farmers an adequate profit would be to increase the difficulties with which the farmers are contending. The trouble with the farmers is that they do not know how to dispose of their surplus crops. The irrigationists, if they had their way, would add more land to grow a larger surplus. The way out is to find new ways to dispose of the crops that our lands already produce. One of the most significant suggestions of the agricultural engineers was to find one of those ways in new uses for agricultural products in industry.

Real Help for the Farmer

SOMETHING, no doubt a great deal, toward the relief of American agriculture in the long run has been accomplished in the consolidation of the three units of the United States Department of Agriculture having to do with agricultural chemistry—the Bureau of Chemistry, the Bureau of Soils, and the Fixed Nitrogen Laboratory. The new name is the Bureau of Chemistry and Soils, and the appointment of Dr. Henry G. Knight as Chief was recently announced.

The tendency heretofore has been, naturally, to have one of these units in charge of a chemist, another in charge of a specialist in nitrogen fixation, the third of a specialist in soil surveys and the like, each devoted, necessarily, to his own specialty rather than to the promotion of agricultural practice in general. The new bureau is now under the direction of a man who is a chemist and a student of soils, but, above those, an agronomist. He comes to the Department of Agriculture from the University of West Virginia, where he has been Dean of the College of Agriculture and Director of the Experiment Station. He has served in somewhat similar capacities at the University of Washington, the University of Oklahoma, and Cornell University, has acquired a broad experience in addition to thorough college training, and is in position to direct the chemistry and soils work of the Department along the lines of greatest practical benefit to agriculture.

Nothing of the proficiency of the specialist is, however, to be lost. Dr. C. A. Browne, who has been Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry for several years, will continue to direct the fifteen divisions doing the chemical research work. It was at his own request that he was relieved of administrative duties in order that he might devote his energies to research. Likewise, Dr. F. G. Cottrell, who has been at the head of the fixed-nitrogen and fertilizer group of divisions, will remain in charge of that work. The soils work, so long under the direction of Professor Milton Whitney, will be in charge of Dr. A. G. McCall, who has been executive secretary of the International Congress of Soil Science.

In the field of agricultural chemistry, though it is by no means a new field, there is large opportunity for usefulness to American farming, and the Department of Agriculture is in better position than it has been before to render the needed service. If it does, indeed, render it, and if other bureaus do the like, we may be rid in a generation or so of the recurrent cry for quack remedies for the farmer.

Helen Wills Regains Her Title

BESIDES being an art student and a personable young woman, Miss Helen Wills, of Berkeley, California, is unquestionably the greatest amateur woman tennis player of the world. She has proved this in her playing on the Continent of Europe. She proved it at Wimbledon, in England. She again proved it on August 30, at Forest Hills, New York, in winning for the fourth time the Women's National Championship. Her English opponent in the finals, her junior by five years, Miss Betty Nuthall, is, however, at sixteen years of age her not unworthy rival not only in tennis but in deserved popularity. The match which ended the tournament was never in doubt; but Miss Wills had good reason for employing to the full both her power and her skill. The doubles championship was won by two English players, Mrs. Kathleen McKane Godfree and Miss Ermyntrude Harvey. Again Miss Nuthall was in the finals, this time with her fellow-countrywoman, Miss Joan Fry.

Calles Reviews the Year in Mexico

PRESIDENT CALLES opened the thirty-second session of the Mexican Congress on September 1 with a Message that was distinguished for its quietness of tone. The important aspect of his address was its clear indication that there will be no change in the policies of his Government which have caused most trouble in the international relations of Mexico.

The two critical points of Mexican policy have been the application of the oil and land laws and the regulation of the churches. The first has involved Mexico in controversy primarily with the United States, and secondarily with other nations whose citizens own petroleum and land titles in Mexico. The second has involved her in conflict with the Roman Catholic Church.

President Calles makes it evident that his administration will countenance no surrender of the fundamental principles of the new Constitution, declaring the land and the sub-soil rights to be the property of the nation, to be assigned for use by concession. He declares that it is misunderstanding and indecision on the part of the authorities at Washington that have complicated relations between the United States and Mexico and kept them unsatisfactory. But his speech is notably devoid of any note of defiance. Instead, he emphasizes the loss occasioned to Mexico in trade and industrial development through inability to attract capital. His remarks on the need of foreign investment and his readiness to facilitate it give grounds for expectation that he will assent to some practical adjustment of the difficulties over oil and land rights.

His comment on the results of the

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Underwood & Underwood

The winning serve

Helen Wills, who has regained her title as American Women's National Tennis Champion

legislation disestablishing the Catholic Church and making the activities of all religious cults subject to Federal permission was more pointed. Although some Protestant organizations have existed in Mexico, they were comparatively small and made little protest against the laws. The position and strength of the Catholic Church and its undoubted political influence in Mexico made the issue one between it and the Government. How fierce the feeling was when the refusal of the Church to submit to the authority of the state led to the closing of churches and the expulsion of prelates is well known. But agitation has died down, and President Calles now asserts that the Mexican people have shown that they are indifferent to the suspension of cults. His claim—if he is right—may mark a significant victory for the Mexican Government.

British Scientists Meet

THAT the advances and discoveries made since Darwin's time strongly confirm his original belief that man's remote ancestor was an ape; that scientists and engineers ought to be able to drill or dig holes deep enough into the earth to tap for power purposes its almost inexhaustible heat energy; and that the cosmic ray made known to the public by Professor R. A. Millikan is still more powerful than was at first thought—these were some of the high lights of the recent meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held last month at Leeds.

This year the President of the British Association is a famous anatomist, Sir Arthur Keith, author of "The Antiquity of Man," possibly the foremost work on man's organic or physical evolution. Sir Arthur chose as his subject man's descent. No scientist is better equipped than he to speak authoritatively of it, while few are better able to clothe their thoughts in fascinating language. Keith upholds Darwin, not merely in the sense of upholding organic evolution, but specifically with regard to the origin of man. Although copies of Darwin's "Descent of Man" are still quite common, it would seem that few take the trouble to read them, for it has now become a commonplace to claim, even in text-books, that Darwin did not mean that man actually descended from an ape or monkey, but simply that man and ape "descended from the same stem." Yet Darwin leaves no such inference and speaks without equivocation. Man, he says in his Chapter VI, descended from a *monkey*. While not every detail of Darwin's outline of organic evolution is now accepted, "the fundamentals of Darwin's outline of man's history remain unshaken," says Keith. And, said Darwin as the concluding sentence of the "Descent of Man," "Man still bears in his bodily frame the indelible stamp of his lowly origin." As we have said before, this is to some extent at least a question of words—whether the common ancestor of man and present-day apes should be called "ape" or not.

Untapped Sources of Energy

JOHN L. HODGSON, a mining engineer from South Africa, told the gathered scientists that the heat imprisoned in the earth's interior represented 31,000,000 times as much as the coal lying near its exterior. Temperatures of 1,600 degrees should theoretically be met at twenty miles depth. Water poured into bore holes would turn to steam, furnishing for each hole about 4,000 horsepower, and the heat supply should prove virtually endless. Most scientists believe the earth's interior temperature is several thousand degrees. Rock cools extremely slowly, and the earth is still only a few billion years old. The remaining supply of energy is inconceivable. Given money, the proposal is not wholly chimerical.

Professor R. A. Millikan, visiting American scientist, told the meeting that the cosmic ray penetrates eleven feet of lead, not six feet, as he announced two years ago.

What good is it? None as yet, but who dares say, as too many said when X-rays were announced in 1895, that it "is not likely to have other than 'scientific curiosity' value"? Cosmic rays, in nature exactly like light, X-rays, radio waves, and the gamma rays from radium (except that the frequency of vibration is different) come in from outside space; some think they originate in the annihilation of matter in intensely hot nebulæ. The cosmic ray will bear watching.

Critic, Author, and Editor

READERS of The Outlook will remember pleasantly the many London letters on art, literature, and social matters written by Mr. C. Lewis Hind for this journal. Mr. Hind died recently in London at the age of sixty-five. A friendly and kindly commentator on literature and art, for thirty years he had been a contributor to English and

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American periodicals and had also at one time been editor-in-chief of "The Academy" and "Pall Mall Budget." He was a friend of Hardy, Meredith, and Kipling, and other noted writers, and of Sargent, Leighton, and others prominent in art circles. Naturally, he had many interesting reminiscences of these friends. His sense of the picturesque and humorous enabled him to use them to his readers' enjoyment in his articles and books. His latest book of memoirs had the singular title of "Naphtali"—from the Scriptural phrase "Naphtali, a hind let loose." Among his other books are "The Diary of a Looker-On" and "Things Seen in America."

The Master Mind of Prohibition

WAYNE B. WHEELER, who died last week in his fifty-eighth year, had probably as great an influence on legislation and on the current of American life as any other private citizen of this generation.

He devoted his life to furthering the program of the Anti-Saloon League, but he avoided the narrowness and the bigotry that are too likely to attach to the man who devotes himself to a single cause, particularly to a cause of reform.

He educated himself in the law in order that he might be able to handle the legal business of the League; but in the handling of that business he showed an ability in legal analysis which, if he had devoted his energies to general practice, probably would have placed him in the front rank of American lawyers.

Born in Brookfield, Ohio, educated at Oberlin and at Western Reserve University, he began at college his lifelong fight against the liquor traffic. He had much to do with temperance legislation in many States and with prosecuting saloon cases. His chief work was done as counsel and Legislative Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of America.

He organized and directed one of the most efficient political machines that this country has known, but his mind was never closed to the counsel and the claims of others.

He died comparatively young, but he lived to see the cause to which he had given his life triumphant, the program to which he had devoted himself carried out.

He shares the credit for this achievement with no other man. He had, in the real sense, no predecessor. He probably will have, in the real sense, no successor—and this not merely because of the difficulty of finding another man of his type, but also because of the fact that the work which he did, being done, will not require to be done again.

He has been criticised because he used the Anti-Saloon League less effectively in prohibition enforcement than he had used it in prohibition procurement, but

Wayne B. Wheeler
1869–1927

this probably does not show a failure of Wheeler so much as it shows that the work of the Anti-Saloon League may have been completed with the adoption of prohibition.

Christianity on Trial

NOT the Church, not the ecclesiastics, not the creeds, not the rituals, but Christianity itself, the religion of Jesus, is to-day in all parts of the world on trial. Will the faith that Jesus had, will the life, inspired by that faith, that he led, will the force that he let loose in the world, actually and practically work?

At Lausanne, in Switzerland, there has been held a great Conference representing churches of nearly a hundred varieties and nations numbering two-score and a half. Some idea of what they have been discussing may be derived from the reading in this issue of our editorial correspondent's report entitled "A Bridge Between Authority and Freedom?". From that report and other reports it would seem that among these numerous church organizations scattered through many lands there is perhaps a more general agreement concerning what they believe about this religion and about the way those who profess it should be organized than had been commonly supposed. If it were the Church that were on trial in the tribunal of the world's opinion, this Conference might be a notable contribution to the defense of the Church as it is or as it may become. But it is not the Church as such that is chiefly on trial to-day. Indifference to the Church rather than hostility to it, or even criticism of it, seems to have become or to be becoming a characteristic of this age. If that is so, it is because the churches have seemed to be thinking and talking much about creeds and rituals and forms of organization. It is not that they have disagreed and sometimes come into harsh conflict over questions of creeds and rituals and forms of organization that has been the cause of alienating untold thousands from the churches so much as that they have seemed to put such matters as creed and ritual and forms of organization in place of religion itself. If anything could more surely alienate the multitude from the churches than disagreement among the churches on these matters, it would be their agreement about them. Indeed, a great mass of people are not aware of the disagreements that seem so important to ecclesiastics and theologians. The deepest questions of religion do not touch these matters primarily at all. On another page of this issue a mother puts the sort of question that the Church cannot answer in terms of creed or ritual or organization. To countless numbers it seems as if the Church were offering them a stone when they ask for bread. It does not matter to them that the churches should all agree upon the kind of stone to be offered.

A mother asks, "What shall I teach my children?"

It does not help that mother to have the Church answer, "The Episcopal, Presbyterial, and Congregational systems have an appropriate place in the life of the reunited Church."

A young student asks, "What can I reply to a science that seems to tell me that I am but a machine reacting to stimuli as automatically as a locomotive to the hand of the engineman?"

It does not help that student to have the Church tell him, "We agree in the belief that in the Holy Communion our Lord is present."

A business man asks, "What chance is there in the keen and sometimes unscrupulous competition of business for me to apply the principles laid down in the Golden Rule and the Sermon on the Mount?"

It does not help such a business man for the Church to tell him, "The Church in its varied forms accepts both the Apostles' and the Nicene Creeds."

A statesman asks, "How can the gov-

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erning authorities of a nation, trustees of the interests of a people, put into practice on behalf of the nation without infidelity to their trust the spirit of unselfishness, self-denial, the service of the weak by the strong, the sacrifice of the just for the unjust, as embodied in the life of Jesus of Nazareth?"

And it does not help that statesman for the Church to answer, "We accept the Word of God as given in the Holy Scriptures."

A wage-earner asks, "What shall I say to those who tell me that Christianity is a slave religion, a soporific to keep me and my fellows contented with our lot in expectation of a promised life to come, a scheme by which the powerful use priests and preachers to deaden my resistance to oppression and exploitation?"

It does not help that wage-earner for the Church to tell him, "We are a unit in advocating the perpetual obligation of baptism and the Lord's Supper."

Two weeks ago Irving T. Bush in The Outlook told of being in Constantinople when it was occupied by the Allied forces, and of being told that there had been opened there by Christians five thousand saloons and European harlots walked the streets to satisfy the troops of the Christian Powers. What has the Church to say to that? No amount of agreement on matters of creed or ritual or church organization will help to solve that problem.

What has the Church to say to China? For many years Christian missionaries have been in that vast country. It is true that they have disagreed about matters of faith, of creed, and organization; but would they have really impressed China more with the religion of Jesus if they had agreed?

Meantime there are other claimants for the place of Christianity. To many the chief claimant seems to be science, with its intrepid and relentless and utterly honest search for truth. To many the chief claimant seems to be psychology, that delves into the inner recesses of the mind of man and offers explanations for all his motives and his conduct. To many the chief claimant seems actually to be sport, with its frank and open code of conduct in struggle. To those who have transferred their allegiance from Christianity as they have heard it preached to one or another of such claims what does argument about Nicæa or the seven sacraments mean? Wherever the Church has prevailed it has not been because it has agreed upon doctrine or any such thing, but because its representatives have embodied in their lives and have helped to embody in the lives about them the spirit of him who "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give his life a ransom for many;" who, when John the Baptist sent to inquire whether he was "he that should come," told the messengers to go and tell John what they had seen and heard; who made the test of success what one does to even the least of those whom he counted brothers.

Keystone
Lord Robert Cecil, defender of disarmament

The Church is strong to-day throughout the world because, in spite of its division, in spite of its emphasis on the theoretical and the external, it has been rich in those whom its Master has called great. ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT.

Cecil's Rebellion

AFTER five years of compromising his own ideals for the sake of his party, Viscount Cecil of Chelwood has rebelled.

"I consider," he has told the Prime Minister, Stanley Baldwin, "that I shall be able to do better work outside the Cabinet than in."

Though he has disagreed violently with his Government, for five years he has played their game. In three important international conferences he has carried between Downing Street and Geneva instructions with which he was entirely out of sympathy. At the Opium Conference he successfully carried out Downing Street's orders to block the abolition of Indian opium production. Although chief delegate to the Preparatory Commission on Disarmament, he was forced by the Cabinet to oppose most of the peace proposals he had worked for. Finally, at Geneva, where the British brought forward the gigantic cruiser program which was the antithesis of his ideas on disarmament, Cecil, to the amazement of American delegates who had talked with him, still followed instructions.

"An agreement might have been reached on terms which would have sacrificed no British interests," Cecil now says; but, instead, the British delegates, after consultation with the Cabinet at London, stood pat. Three days after the break-up of the Naval Conference Cecil tendered his resignation.

In view of his own history and that of his illustrious father, uncle, and brother, his course is not surprising. The Cecils are chiefly distinguished for their power of acid analysis of other people's enthusiasm. Each of them, after succeeding brilliantly at politics, has taken refuge in something more soothing to an analytical mind — the Marquis of Salisbury, Lord Cecil's father, in chemical science; the Earl of Balfour, Lord Cecil's uncle, in metaphysics; Lord Hugh, Lord Robert's brother, in the Church.

Lord Robert Cecil did not find his anchorage until seven years ago. Admitted to the bar, he entered politics actively in 1906 as a member of Parliament for East Marylebone. He was not considered practical. He championed woman's suffrage, but opposed the eight-hour day, old-age pensions, and the taxation of unearned incomes. In the war he was in turn Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs and Minister of Blockade. Finding himself more and more out of sympathy with Lloyd George, he rebelled, as he has done now, and crossed over to the Opposition line. It was about that time that he found his anchorage in the ideals that cluster about the League of Nations.

Together with Colonel House and General Jan Smuts, Cecil assisted Woodrow Wilson in drafting the Covenant of the League. At first the foundling child of Europe, the League grew stronger, and Europe began to be proud of it. The Conservative Government of Great Britain, waking up to the importance of having an able representative at Geneva, made overtures to Lord Robert and won his consent to become Lord Privy Seal, with the understanding that he would devote all his time to the League. His activities won him the Woodrow Wilson Peace Prize. After the interval of the Labor Government, Viscount Cecil, just returning from the United States, where he had a tremendous following, was sent to the Opium Conference. There he compromised his ideals, as he did later in the sessions of the Disarmament Commission and

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finally at the Geneva Naval Conference. There are times when a man may honestly be a spokesman for others. But he can be so honestly and effectively only when he is so openly.

It was supposed that at these three conferences Cecil was speaking his own mind. If he had not been supposed thus to speak, he would never have been sent; for his known views and the following which they had brought him supplied him with a strength which as mere spokesman he would not have had. If he had chosen to resign rather than say what he did not mean he might have made his convictions felt at home and abroad; but now his resignation is but an empty protest.

A New England Grandfather

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT
Contributing Editor of The Outlook

WHAT is it that has given New England such an influence on the rest of the country? Here are five States without mines, without great farms, without wealth-producing natural resources—unless an unsurpassed seacoast indented with safe and beautiful harbors is a resource—and yet New England has contributed more men, energy, intellect, and capital to the upbuilding of the Nation than any other section of equal area.

To answer satisfactorily the question which this phenomenon raises would require a long historical, psychological, and ethnological treatise. But now and then some modest family record or some forgotten personal narrative affords a little light even to the casual inquirer.

The other day, for instance, while rummaging some out-of-the-way bookshelves, I found a memoir of a New Englander whom I knew when he was a grandfather and I was a schoolboy fifty years ago. Reading it revived some old memories of the most gifted and original teacher I ever knew, with whom I took, as a boy of ten, my first tottering steps in Latin, French, history, and mathematics—steps which, through no fault of his, never got much beyond the tottering stage, I am afraid.

This "Memorial Sketch," as it is modestly called, not only awakened my own recollections of a remarkable teacher, but brought vividly before my mind some of those qualities which have given New England her leadership. I wonder if in the limited space at my command I can make any kind of a pen sketch of this New England grandfather—not only the grandsire of his own kin but like one to 'l the children of the village.

He came of English stock, probably Yorkshire stock, and his earliest American ancestor, a Puritan immigrant, landed in Massachusetts and settled in Andover in 1643. Thence his progenitors migrated and pioneered through New Hampshire into Maine, where he was born in 1803, when Maine was still a province or district of Massachusetts, for that large and beautiful territory did not become a State until 1820. It was in this year that the subject of this sketch was graduated from college, for his forebears, while pioneers, merchants, and traders, were always deeply interested in college. To have taken the college degree of A.B. at seventeen might seem to have indicated precocity. It did not. It simply indicated that college requirements were not as complicated then as they are to-day.

Nor were professional salaries a topic of as anxious discussion as they are in 1927. For, after having studied divinity at Andover, this future New England grandfather was, at twenty-five years of age, appointed Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in a newly established New England college, his salary being eight hundred dollars, "one hundred dollars of which," the trustees stipulated, "are, however, to be appropriated by him annually, with the advice of the other members of the faculty, towards making repairs and additions to the philosophical apparatus."

The munificence of this salary encouraged the young professor to marry. His bride, the granddaughter of a prosperous London merchant, apparently did not think her lot an unhappy one even in a remote New England village, for in one of her letters to a former school friend this cheerful note is sounded: "What a world this is, after all, and how many treasures we find even in its recesses!"

But the call, not of the wild, but of the child, which foreshadowed his later career as a remarkable grandfather, was too strong for the young professor. He left his village college to become the head of a newly organized school for girls, which he made famous throughout New England by the introduction of principles and methods at that time quite new in Puritan society. Some idea of his original views of pedagogical government is obtained from an extract from one of his earliest announcements to his new pupils:

> You will, perhaps, ask . . . what are the punishments which are resorted to in the —— —— School? The answer is, there are no punishments. I do not say that I should not, in case all other means should fail, resort to the most decided measures to secure obedience and subordination. . . . But as to the consequences which may result to you if you should persist in what is wrong, it is not necessary that you should know them beforehand. They who wander from duty always plunge themselves into troubles they do not anticipate; and if you do what, at the time you are doing it, you know to be wrong, it will not be unjust that you should suffer the consequences, even if they were not beforehand understood and expected. This will be the case with you all through life, and it will be the case here.

This philosophy of reasonableness, equanimity, and justice he followed all through his life. When I first came in contact with him in his grandfatherly days, the children of his sons and of his village neighbors gathered about him in the old New England homestead to which he had returned, as naturally as particles of metal gather about a magnet. For he understood children, sympathized with them, and knew how to discipline them without being a disciplinarian.

For a New England Puritan he had singularly broad views and an interest in international affairs not common even in the Boston of his day. As a young college professor his interest in the struggle of the modern Greeks for independence led him to take under his special protection two refugees from Greece who had come to this country seeking an education—"one a young married man, and the other a little girl of ten years, Sappho by name."

In the intervals of his teaching and writing (the memoir contains a bibliography of 180 volumes from his pen, chiefly for young people, which were published between 1830 and 1873) this quiet but busy New Englander found time to visit Europe seven or eight times, on one occasion living several months in Paris. On his first visit to London, in 1843, he wrote home as follows, so the memoir says:

> The Bishop of Norwich . . . gave me an order of admission to the House of Lords, where I attended last evening, and was very much interested in witnessing the proceedings. I saw the Duke of Wellington, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Brougham, and other distinguished men. Afterwards, at nine o'clock, I attended a soirée, as they call it, at the Bishop of Norwich's, where I was entertained in very handsome style, and was introduced to many gentlemen, titled and untitled. The evening before I dined

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in a splendid saloon in the city, at a public dinner, at which the Duke of Cambridge, the brother of one or two of the late kings of England, presided. . . . I am invited to-morrow evening to Mr. Everett's, the American Minister's, and on the next day to a fashionable party, so you see that I am getting fairly drawn into the festivities of high life. . . . I imagined that I should feel much embarrassed in such circumstances, for a want of a familiar acquaintance with the usages and ceremonies and principles of etiquette which prevail. But I find that these ceremonies are, in fact, left pretty much to the servants, who are gayly dressed, and who make a great parade, while the ladies and gentlemen themselves act at their ease very much as they do at a party in F——. At all events, I determined to pursue my own plain, straightforward course, thinking it better to adopt without disguise the simple and unpretending manners of an American than to make myself ridiculous by blundering attempts to imitate English noblemen. I have accordingly pursued this course, and have thus far no reason to complain of the manner in which I have been received.

A modest and wholly likable way of "waving the flag" and of disclosing, if not asserting, the gentle pride of this honest New Englander in being able to say *Americanus sum!*

This honesty of sentiment he displayed all through life. Although an ordained clergyman of the orthodox wing of the Congregational Church, he preached only for two or three years in his early manhood, and gave up the pulpit for teaching. Disputatious arguments about creeds were distasteful to him. His religion was one of conduct in this life, and he left the future to the future. Two or three years before his death he wrote to his brother: "We have had our day of active work, and have both been tolerably busy. Our preparation for the great change is, I trust, fully made, and we have nothing now to do but to make ourselves as comfortable and happy as we can, day by day, with such sources of enjoyment as are within our reach. Worldly enjoyment, I mean; for while God continues us in this world, and conceals the other almost entirely from our view—in respect to its details certainly—I think we have a right to conclude that he intends that we shall occupy ourselves as much and as pleasantly as we can with such things as he now puts within our reach."

This was somewhat radical in a day when Calvinistic New England believed, or professed to believe, that this world is a thorny and narrow path which must be suffered and endured solely because of the glory to which it leads. This New England grandfather, whose influence entered directly or indirectly into hundreds of homes, was one of the pioneers in the movement which has transformed the gloomy Puritanism of Jonathan Edwards into the grateful naturalism of John G. Whittier.

A Bridge Between Authority and Freedom?

By Elbert Francis Baldwin

The Outlook's Editor in Europe

CHRISTIAN reunion? Well, and why not? Of late this query has been growing steadily, sturdily. In proof of it representatives of all the Christian world, save the Romans, are here in Lausanne.

IN 1888 the Lambeth Conference proposed a terse call to unity in the following quadrilateral:

(1) The acceptance of Holy Scripture as providing the final standard of faith.

(2) The two creeds, the Apostles' and the Nicene, as the statements of that faith.

(3) The Sacraments of Baptism and Holy Communion as the necessary ordinances.

(4) The historic episcopate as the basis of the ministry.

Later, in America, Bishop Brent started a world conference movement looking towards Christian reunion, and so eagerly was his broad suggestion taken up by those able to think ahead of the communions they represented as to elicit all kinds of support, financial as well as moral—the late J. P. Morgan contributed $100,000 towards it, his son adding $50,000. Various conferences were held. To raise the fund to make this special Lausanne Conference possible, the Hon. Charles E. Hughes was made head of the Committee and the Hon. George W. Wickersham Chairman of the Executive Committee. During the past year this Committee raised $160,000, the largest single gift, $25,000, being from Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. But the whole Christian world has participated in financing the movement. Most of the contributions have been in small amounts.

It was appropriate that Bishop Brent should preach the opening sermon here. I noted in it this parallel:

> It is for conference, not controversy, that we are called. . . . Conference is a measure of peace; controversy, a weapon of war. Conference is self-abasing; controversy exalts self. Conference in all lowliness strives to understand the view-point of others; controversy, to impose its views on all comers. Conference looks for unities; controversy exaggerates differences. Conference is a co-operative method for conflict; controversy, a divisive method. I do not say there may not be occasion where controversy may be necessary. This is not one of them.

THOSE who look to see an early merging of churches may be disappointed. Outward signs of difference will doubtless long persist—in some countries the black robe or soutane as aggressively as ever in evidence; in others, the Oriental tall hats and big, bushy beards; in others, the little old-fashioned white ties.

This picturesque mixture of uniformity one sees to-day in Lausanne streets. But it covers a prodigious sentiment for Christian unity. Hearts and minds have been stirred towards getting together as never before. At least, so say Bishops Manning and Perry, with whom I have just been talking.

This has been evident enough in the addresses already made, even if some hearers thought the Metropolitan of Athens and the Bishop of Bombay a bit provocative. But what would you? I even found one tender critic who thought the broad-minded Congregationalist, Dr. Cadman, slightly so inclined. I did not.

Fundamentalism and Modernism are bound to clash, however. Between the Catholic and the Congregationalist views of what constitutes a church are many

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different ideas and some wearily wide spaces.

What has been necessary, just the same, has now taken place—namely, new proclamations of what is common in the various creeds, whether it leads or not to greater uniformity in form and ceremonials, so long as it emphasizes a new consciousness of religion as an impulse and standard of life.

In the present Conference the participating churches are in no way bound by any opinions expressed by their delegates or by any conclusions reached by the Assembly.

In the discussions six main subjects have been before it:

The Church's Message to the World,
The Nature of the Church,
The Church's Common Confession of Faith,
The Church's Ministry,
The Sacraments,
The Unity of Christendom.

The reports made by these sections are subject to review by a committee consisting of four Americans, with whom I have also talked (Bishop Brent; the Methodist Bishop Cannon; Dr. William Adams Brown, of Union Seminary; and Dr. Ross Stevenson, President of Princeton Seminary); of five Britishers (three Anglican bishops, the Congregationalist Principal Garvie, and the Methodist Dr. William Lofthouse); Dr. Merle d'Aubigné, of Paris; Professor Adolf Deissmann, of the University of Berlin; Archbishop Söderblom, Chief of the Swedish Lutherans; and the Metropolitan Germanos, of the Eastern Orthodox Church.

"The Church's Message to the World" is, of course, the Gospel, the source of the energy necessary to transform society. The Church comprehends our generation's thirst for intellectual sincerity, social justice, spiritual aspirations. But let us not forget, as the Methodist Bishop McConnell, in his superb address on the subject, reminded us:

> It may be well for the ardent Protestant in particular to ask himself if the task of Christianity is now conceived in as wide terms as before the Reformation. Protestantism has not yet supplied effective substitutes for some agencies it cast aside. In those Middle Ages, which we now see were not dark ages by any means, the Church brought all human group relations under its sway. The Church intervened between warring nations and quarreling nobles, between feudal lords and serfs, between employers and employed, between wrangling individuals. That the Church was herself at times part and parcel of an oppressive rule, that she fell far, far short of her opportunities, no one doubts; but, nevertheless, the ideal of the Church was evident. It was to touch all phases of life with a redeeming impulse.
>
> Protestantism was a justified revolt against an ecclesiasticism which tried to redeem men by fiat. . . . When Protestantism, however, laid stress exclusively on justification by faith, it opened the door to an extreme individualism which slighted the group contacts.

On "The Nature of the Church" Dr. Cadman's was a notable address. "Neither rampant individualism," said he, "nor negative sectarianism can forever set aside the corrective witness of the Church Universal." Yet, he almost shouted, "The test of the true Church is not conformity to type, but effectiveness in fulfilling the will of her Lord, and therefore that organization need not be of a single type."

Dr. Adams Brown, conducting the discussion, proclaimed at its close:

> The Church of God is constituted by its own will, and not by other wills, consents, or beliefs of men.
>
> Just as there is one Christ, so there can be but one Church. . . .
>
> Divisions present obstacles to the accomplishment of the Church's task, which it is our duty, by God's help, to remove.

The report concluded by defining certain marks whereby the visible Church can be known:

> The acknowledgement of the Word of God as given in the Holy Scripture.
>
> The profession and proclamation of faith in God as revealed and incarnate in Christ.
>
> The observance of the sacraments.
>
> A ministry for the pastoral office; the preaching of the Word and the administration of the sacraments.
>
> A fellowship in prayer, in worship, in all the means of grace, in holiness of life, and in the service of man.

This visible Church, in Dr. Cadman's words, is "the implicit or explicit Catholicism, which shall yet regain undiluted its original significance, because the Church is God's living organism who shall fulfill Christ's own promise that against her the gates of Hades cannot prevail, for hers is the deathless life of the Deity himself."

Then came the report on "The Church's Common Confession of Faith." It accepts both the Apostles' and the Nicene Creeds, adding that the several churches shall continue to make free use of such special Confessions as they possess. But, as the Anglican Bishop Gore reminded his hearers, reunion in any large sense would mean, when it came, the bringing together of the Roman Catholic and Protestant Churches, both of whom have always accepted both creeds. Yet, after their long centuries of alienation, a large patience on each side may be necessary.

As to the Church's ministry, existing forms differ, both regarding the functions assigned to the holders of the ministerial office and the mode in which the commission is conferred. Archbishop Söderblom, of Upsala, had a good word of advice regarding this, taken from the practice of the Swedish Church. What the priests and ministers are to a church so are the judges to a court. In 1907 at the Hague Conference, on the erection of a new Permanent Court of International Justice, the Powers came to an agreement on every point save one—the election of the judges. So it may be that Christian reunion will be established in every other respect before it is established in this respect.

On the sacraments the Orientals stood out strongly to-day for the mysticism surrounding their seven forms. Though important problems arose in connection with other rites to which the name of sacrament is put, it was thought wise not to spend the Conference's strength on these things, but on the perpetual obligation of the administration of the Sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper.

The unity sought at Lausanne is not uniformity; indeed, diversity should be safeguarded. Yet the question arises whether, justified by historical circumstances, all the manifestations of the special aspects of Christian truth or practice, having rendered immense service to the Universal Church, can so easily in the future remain in the unity of the One Church. This problem, leading up to that of a central authority for Christendom, was not included in the Lausanne agenda.

Like its predecessors, so the present Conference shows that the problem of Christian reunion must needs be approached from different angles.

Fundamentally, as the title of the Lausanne Conference indicates, Christian reunion is a question of Faith and Order, but practically and for a very long time to come, the main accent on Christian reunion must be laid on the application of Christian principles in all the ramifications of individual and social life. We must have force in conduct.

Lausanne, August 18, 1927.

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The Chinese Scene

By STANLEY HIGH

THE poster on the cover of this issue of The Outlook inevitably appears on every one of the "Patriotic Shrines" that have been erected throughout Chinese Nationalist territory. At 8:30 o'clock on every Monday morning, in schools, Government offices, and in many places of business, Nationalist China joins in a service of respect at these altars. The ceremony is simple, usually including a three-minute period of silence before the photograph of Dr. Sun Yat-sen and a repetition of his last will, which is printed below it.

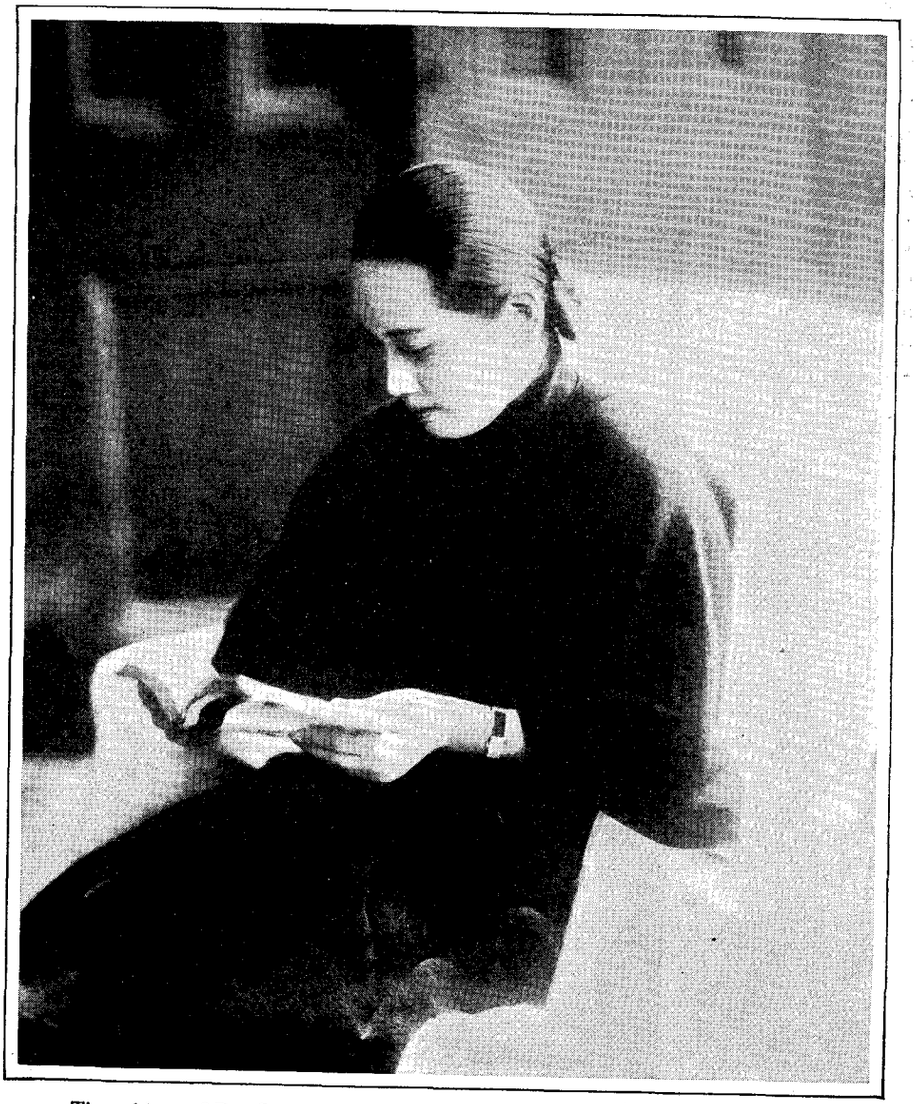
The will, delivered to one of Dr. Sun's closest friends a short time before his death, is a central part of every Nationalist pronouncement. A translation of it is as follows:

"For forty years I have been engaged in the democratic reconstruction of China. It has been my cherished aim to elevate China to a state of freedom and independence. The experience of these eventful years has deeply convinced me that in order to attain this great end we should and must enlist the support of the common people at home and gain the sympathetic co-operation of those nations which are treating with us on a basis of equality.

"The revolutionary movement has not yet succeeded. It is imperative that all my fellow-workers, basing their efforts upon my 'Reconstruction Plan,' 'Outline of Reconstruction Policies,' and 'The Manifesto of the Kuomingtang at the First National Convention,' do continue to exert their ardent energies toward the achievement of our common cause. Lately we advocated the calling together of a People's Convention and the abolition of unjust treaties with foreign nations. Attend to them with vigilance, so that they may be realized in the shortest possible time."

THOSE who forecast events in China share the certainty in common that their prophecies, soon or late, will be confounded. Of the countless predictions that have been put forth in the last few months with a show of reason, only one can be safely repeated. What will happen next the wisest "China Hands" or the most intimately informed Chinese will hardly dare to say. It can only be said with certainty that something is bound to happen; and, with somewhat less assurance, that the happening is likely to be unexpected. For these reasons the news from China, however distressing, is seldom dull. Events unroll—or unravel—rather after the fashion of a first-rate drama than as contemporary history. And just at present the plot is more than ordinarily obscure.

AT his ancestral home in the hills of Chekiang Province, Chiang Kai-shek, late Generalissimo of the Nationalist armies, has found temporary release from war and its burden of intrigue. Somewhere near the northern border of Honan Province, his army well trained and his treasury depleted, General Feng Yu-hsiang, a professed Christian, continues to make pledges and to fail to fulfill them. Farther north—or so it is reported—Michael Borodin, master plotter on behalf of Soviet Russia, is journeying by motor caravan across the Gobi Desert toward the line of the Trans-Siberian Railway and Moscow. At



The widow of Dr. Sun Yat-sen. She plays an active part in Chinese affairs

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Hankow and Nanking rival followers of Dr. Sun Yat-sen continue, with dwindling authority, the competitive business of governing Nationalist territory.

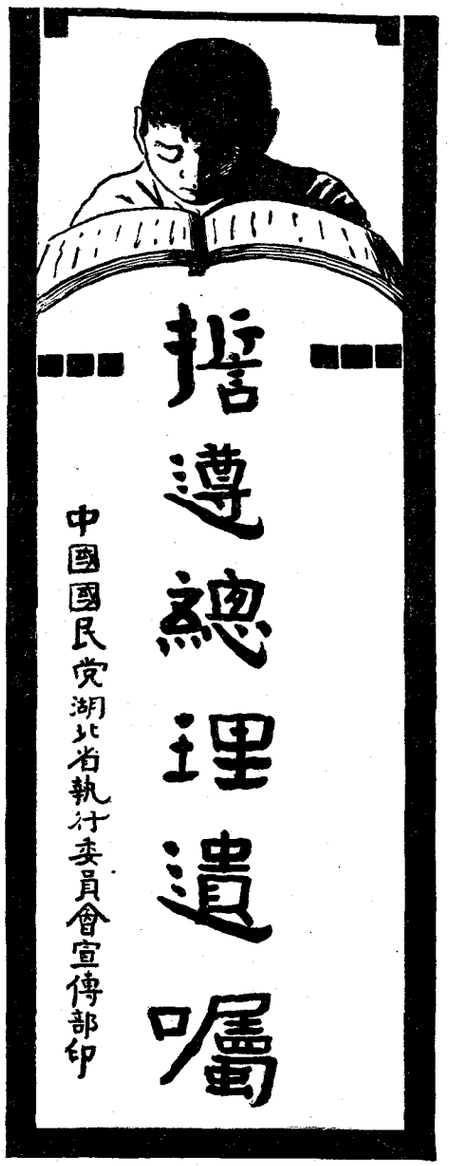
In the North the situation, if less obscure, is no more encouraging. General Chang Tso-lin's Government is a dictatorship in the most mediæval sense of the word. His justice is harsh and his methods of administration so oppressive that Shantung and Chihli are in a turmoil of unrest that is none the less serious because it has not, as yet, found open expression. General Sun Chuan-fang, ally of Chang and former friend of Chiang Kai-shek, has apparently slipped the leash of Peking and, lured by the revenues of Shanghai, has re-entered the Yangstze Valley and is hammering away at the gates of Nanking.

And this present situation, it should be noted, is a precise reversal in almost every particular of the situation that prevailed six weeks ago. It provides, if nothing else, a wholesome indication of the perils of prophecy.

That the Nationalist Party, if it is to be the agency for uniting China, stands in sad need of rehabilitation is fairly plain. General Chiang Kai-shek has retired, apparently, in order that that desirable end may be speeded. But "retirement," in the Chinese sense, usually means merely that one who has participated openly continues to participate clandestinely. The rather large number of observers who are convinced of the honesty of General Chiang and of his qualities of leadership will believe, doubtless, that he has not abandoned his program, but only altered his method. There is a good deal in the history of his relationship to the Nationalist movement to support that conviction.

Chiang, who is only forty years of age, came into Dr. Sun's confidence nearly ten years ago. In the course of the decade that followed he laid a large part of his very substantial personal fortune on the altar of the Canton Government. After Sun's disastrous setbacks in 1922, Chiang went into active retirement at Whampoo, a few miles below Canton, assumed control of the military academy there, and began the instruction of the officers who have been the nucleus of the Nationalist army and the chief sources of its successes. Upon the death of Dr. Sun in 1924 his military mantle, such as it was, fell upon the youthful commander at Whampoo. And the present northern expedition, which got under way in the fall of 1926, was under his leadership.

Chiang, it should be noted, was all along opposed to the intimate connection of the agents of the Soviets with the Kuomingtang. Before he started his drive into the Yangtze Valley he gave the Communists of Canton a taste of his convictions when he nipped an uprising of Reds, executed the leading Chinese concerned and shipped off to Moscow, on a chartered steamer, a cargo of Russian agitators. He awakened then to



The inscription on this Chinese poster reads: Swear to follow the will of Dr. Sun Yat-sen

realize that Russia was out in China, not for the good of China, but to use the Nationalist movement to advance the program of world revolution. He made his position plain to the Borodin-influenced Central Executive Committee of the Kuomingtang with the statement that "as long as there is one gun left I will fight to keep the Kuomingtang Chinese non-Communist and true to the principles of Dr. Sun Yat-sen."

Chiang's final break with Hankow was significant chiefly because it gave union to the anti-Communist forces in the party. Up to that time many Nationalists, in rather naïve fashion, professed openly that they were using the Russians for their own purposes and would toss them out of the country when ready. Chiang made it plain that Red influence had gone too far to be so lightly dismissed. Borodin on the way to Moscow (if he is on the way to Moscow) is one illustration of the fact that Chiang's anti-Communism has forced even the radical Nationalists to face the issue as to whether their first allegiance is Chinese or Russian.

I MET General Chiang just after his capture of Shanghai. He talked with the newspaper correspondents in his headquarters beyond the barbed-wire entanglements that inclosed the International Settlement. For two hours he discussed with us in a simple, matter-of-fact way the Kuomingtang program for a new China. He wore no insignia of office—only a very shiny Sam Brown belt over his gray tunic. His cavalry boots were obviously new. While we drank the tea that he served us he sipped away, Chinese fashion, at a cup of hot water. He spoke no English, and was unassuming and undemonstrative, save when he referred to the Red threat or the even more popular question of "imperialism." Twenty-four hours after that relatively innocuous interview he had broken with Hankow, declared war on the Communists, and was on his way to Nanking to establish a bona fide Nationalist régime.

The part of Chiang Kai-shek in the Nationalist successes of the past year has been too great to allow the belief that his retirement implies a cessation of his activities. In the last four months, moreover, he has fallen heir to a vast amount of the influence formerly wielded by Sun Yat-sen. What he will do next no one can safely say. But that he will do something—probably unexpected—is as certain as the complexity of the situation in which he is involved.

Pitted against General Chiang have been Michael Borodin and his satellites among the Hankow authorities. Not all the members of the Hankow Government, of course, have been Communistically inclined. The most extreme element among the Chinese there has been under the leadership of George Hsu Chien, Minister of Justice and a "Christian Communist." But Chien's strength was largely derived from his proximity to Borodin. Other officials in Hankow have been as opposed to Communist domination as they have been impotent to throw it off.

FEW would accuse T. V. Soong, Finance Minister and graduate of the Harvard School of Economics, of Red

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The first photograph of the Central Executive Committee of the Hankow Government—taken just after they had deposed General Chiang Kai-shek. In the front row, third from the left, is George Hsu Chien; on Chien's left is Tan Yen-kai, formerly Chairman of the Central Executive Committee; next is Sun Fo, son of Dr. Sun Yat-sen; next is Madame Sun; on her left is T. V. Soong, a Harvard graduate and Minister of Finance; next to Soong is Eugene Chen

interests. He has a business job on his hands, and has sought to carry it through in the face of the greatest difficulty. About the time of my arrival in Hankow Soong broke into the papers with a revolutionary announcement to the general public: "The Minister of Finance is pleased to see all those who call on business. He begs leave to say, however, that Government responsibility prevents his reception of social callers and, likewise, makes it impossible for him to take time to drink tea with those who call on business."

Whether or not Eugene Chen, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, will stand with the Communist or the moderate wing is not certain. His office is at the end of Han Chung Road in Hankow, under the shadow of the building which when I was in Hankow, was occupied by Borodin. Chen himself is diminutive, dapper, and very English. He does not speak a word of Chinese, but works with his colleagues through an interpreter. He is anti-British and an adept at epithets. But he was trained in England, made his fortune practicing law in an English colony, and had just recalled his sons from study in an English school.

But Chen—this with the usual reservations—seems to have had his little day. It is not likely that the Powers will be inclined to take him seriously again, regardless of those for whom he may allege to speak. And the authorities who will control to-morrow's Nationalist régime appear to be inclined to follow a more moderate leadership in the administration of foreign affairs.

BORODIN'S office, significantly enough, was across the street from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and three flights up. It was a *bourgeois* place. There were stenographers, over-stuffed furniture, a roll-top desk, conservative Havanas, and no photographs of Lenine.

Borodin, I found, was something of a surprise. There is nothing up-stage about his tactics. And there are no show-cases for the wares he brings to China. But he is a dominant person and, doubtless, has been more potent than any other single influence within the inner circles of the party. This domination has certainly resulted, in considerable part, from his own personality. He comes towering into the room. His voice and his eyes are commanding. His long black hair sweeps back from his head in effective Lloyd-Georgian fashion. There is something about him that is pleasant—and final. It was not difficult to imagine the authority of his counsel in the sessions of the various committees of the Hankow régime.

I can share the general skepticism concerning Borodin's retreat to Moscow. Having met him, it is difficult to believe that he would prove so easy a subject for deportation. Already from the headquarters of Feng Yu-hsiang some fruits of Borodin's continued activity seem to have appeared. Feng, during the entire past year, has been the dark horse in the Nationalist movement. He has been known to have the best trained and disciplined army in China, its numerical strength being variously estimated at from 25,000 to 125,000 men. But, with this effective force at his command, he has won distinction by inaction.

I met General Feng's vice-commander

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at the headquarters of Chiang Kai-shek in Kiukiang early last spring. Feng had sent his representative to assure Chiang of his backing. Feng, according to this lieutenant-general, "returned from Moscow less a Communist and more of a Christian than ever before." The General gave evidence of his own faith by preaching in the Methodist church in Kiukiang during his visit.

THIS alliance between Feng and Chiang was more formally consummated a few weeks ago when the two generals met in the north. But still Feng's army made no effective move. And now, apparently, Feng's defection speeded Chiang into retirement and leaves the "Christian General" in the commanding position among Nationalist military leaders. And in this defection it is not difficult to see the work of Borodin, who is known to have "visited" at Feng's headquarters *en route* in the general direction of Moscow.

Regardless of what may next appear upon the Chinese screen, the Kuomingtang party has reverted, temporarily, at any rate, from a Nationalist movement to a struggle between these various personalities. If out of this struggle the Nationalists may rid themselves both of Reds and of ambitious military chieftains the result will compensate for the present disruption. To accomplish that desirable result new leaders may have to be found. But until it is accomplished neither the national unity nor the international autonomy of China is likely to be realized. That statement, moreover, is a declaration of obvious fact rather than a prophecy.

The Last Wilderness

Will It Be the Lost Wilderness?

By DIXON MERRITT

ELY is the last place, but one—end of the Iron Range and the railroad, a place of diggings and dumps; beginning, also, of the wilderness, home of the outfitters, peddling point for a few squaws who sell birch bark and beads.

Winton is the last place—the last point, absolutely. A kennel of Eskimo dogs, proxy of the canoe for the winter months, tells what it is. Piles of bark and sawdust and an old band saw rusting away in the shallow water of the lake edge tell what it was—the last line that the lumberman had to break in his campaign of desolation.

Beyond is—well, a chug-boat runs across Fall Lake, and an old truck across a corduroy portage, and another boat across Basswood Lake to several places, but this time it ran to Prairie Portage.

And there we were, the chug-boat chugging back down Basswood, alone with our packs on Prairie Portage. Four of us, not counting the boy—not counting him just for the moment; he had to be counted later, being, probably, the best man of the party. I had known none of them till the day before.

Ahead of us, any way that we might choose to go, lay an unbroken wilderness of water and rock and a little—very little—soil made of leaf mold; a wilderness nine days long with good going, twice as big, approximately, as the State of Massachusetts, in which no human being lives.

Where? Why, along the boundary waters between Minnesota and Ontario, our Superior National Forest the south side, their Quetico Forest Reserve the north side, innumerable lakes, twice innumerable islands, thrice innumerable rocky ridges, the last big wilderness left—left because, for purposes of gain or even of livelihood, it is so worthless that nobody wanted it.

THE territory of which Mr. Merritt here gives some impressions is the last great area of unspoiled wilderness accessible to the bulk of the population in the heart of the United States. If there are other comparable wilderness areas, they are far West. It is, beyond question, the greatest canoeing country in North America, perhaps in the world. The comparative sparsity of its fauna is the more proof that it is wilderness absolute.

The International Boundary Commission, on reference of the Governments of the United States and Canada, is now investigating a proposal to permit the building of storage dams at seven or eight points in this maze of waters. The effect would be to raise the level of the lakes, to kill the timber alongshore, to flood many islands when the reservoirs are full, to leave desolate mud-banks when they are lowered, to upset the economy of fish life in the waters and of bird life on the shores. The benefit, such as there might be, would accrue to power and pulp plants, mainly owned by the E. W. Backus interests, farther down the basin, on Rainy Lake, Lake of the Woods, and the Winnipeg River.

The exact effect of the building of such dams cannot be even approximately known until the reports of the American and Canadian engineers are filed, which probably will not be until late next winter. Meanwhile, the people of the United States and Canada should acquire some understanding of what it would mean to this and future generations to have the wilderness marred.

The Outlook will have more to say on the subject from time to time. Mr. Merritt's trip to this territory was purposely taken in order to acquire first-hand information about the region and the possible results of building the dams.

—THE EDITORS.

THE wilderness, like war, calls for command and obedience.

The tallest of us assumed command—spoke. "I'm Alf. You're Dix. That one's Mack, and the old one is the Professor. The boy, of course, is Bill."

So, taking up our packs, we made Prairie Portage. Three times we made it, as many trips as that being necessary for our numerous packs and the canoes.

A private is entitled to think. At least, he will think. And I thought, on that portage, that we had too much duffel; that, in this particular if in no other, we were not good wilderness men. When thirty-seven portages were behind us, I thought the same. The welcome of the wilderness would have seemed less grudging if we had had less luggage. I make that statement at this time because at certain points in the narrative lack of appreciation will appear, and I should like the reason to appear too. I was frequently too tired to appreciate.

But, the portaging done, we were in Birch Lake. The wilderness had swallowed us. The clear water was under us. The pale green of birch and poplar scrub, with darker rich patches of conifer growth—that and the rocks—was around us. Silence, absolute, was above us. No bird called. Even when we were well inshore no cricket chirped. That, too, I mention thus early because throughout it was the rule. Sound was the exception, and will be mentioned as such.

BUT the wilderness was not deaf or blind. Very soon there was proof enough that we were heard and seen.

Mack, in the stern of the canoe which

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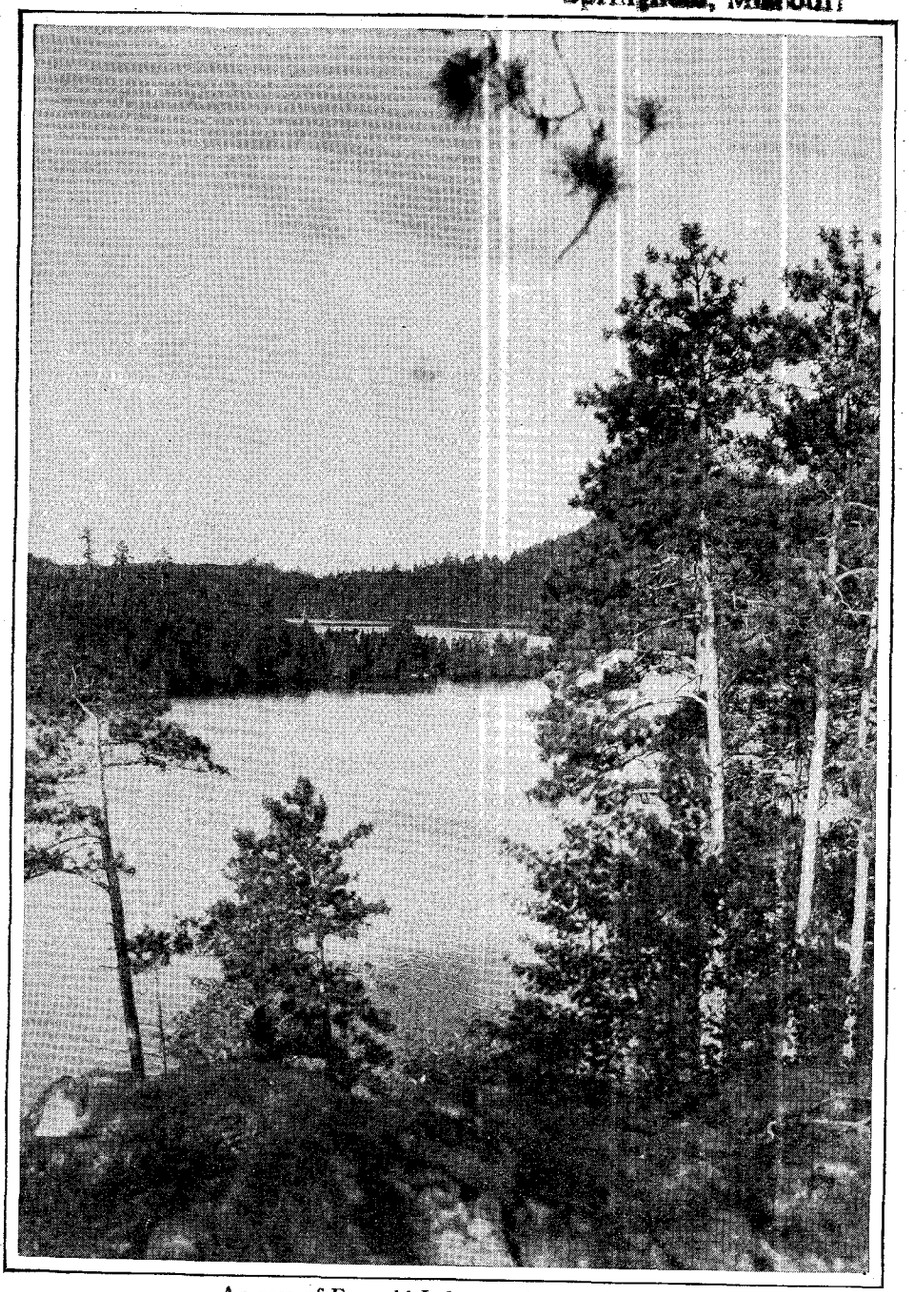

An arm of Emerald Lake—a picture of peace

I occupied, was the pilot. He had gone that route before—four times, I think—unguided.

We paddled far, it seemed, and into many coves. Mack's paddle lagged—and dragged. Turning his head over one shoulder, he called, "Alf, I've missed the portage."

So we searched for what Alf called drainage lines (Alf claimed to be recognized as an engineer, by everybody except engineers; as a geologist, by everybody except geologists). A portage, I found, ought always to be at the lowest spot on the horizon. The lowest spot appeared to be away to the south, and we paddled there, only to find that the lowest spot was clear away to the north, hidden from where we first were. We paddled back—until the Professor's bass boomed down the bay:

"Beaver house to the left!"

And Mack said that he never had really been lost at all, that he just wanted us to see that particular beaver house. I do not know. Bill, who is the son of Mack, laughed. Later, I thought that we might have spared the sight of this particular beaver house, though, of course, we did not know it then.

The beaver, except possibly for the loon, is the dominant element in the population of that wilderness. The next day, at another house, we were to come in close contact with one. He came out and swam, time and again, around our canoe, close enough that we might have struck him with a paddle. Frequently we dragged the canoes over beaver dams, wading boot-top deep to do it; old dams with wide fringes of dead timber above them, new dams with the fringe of timber dying from inundation.

The beaver, it should be understood, first builds his house. Then, below it, he builds a dam to back the water up so that the entrances to his house will be below the water-line and he safe from his enemies.

He builds his house of small stuff, his dam of larger, but the largest he cuts, apparently, in pure wantonness. We went through beaver clearings where trees thicker than a man's body lay crossed and piled as if in the track of a cyclone. The Professor, anxious to make out a case for every wild thing—he reproved me once for killing a wasp that had stung him—said that this was really a service to the forest growth, since the trees cut were birch and poplar and their destruction made room for the conifers. But another time, looking at the dead timber above a dam, he admitted that the evidence for and against the beaver is pretty evenly balanced.

HOWEVER that may be, the wilderness would be less worth while as a wilderness if the beavers were absent or their numbers less. I heard them one night—but that story needs a preface.

That day had been our only windy one, and we were on Lake Agnes, one of the biggest. Mack and the boy and I, through rough going, had made a landing and camp at dusk. But we had lost the other canoe and, the wind coming up stronger after dark, I climbed a cliff and made a beacon fire. They saw it, I afterwards learned, the instant it flared up, and Alf tried to answer with a flashlight, but was nearly swamped and dared not again release his hold on the paddle.

Well, while I waited by my beacon fire there was borne down the wind a mighty boom and crash. And almost instantly another, and another, and still another. In civilization and the daylight, it would have been lumbermen felling trees. The beaver, across a little bay, were holding carnival in the night and in the storm, felling trees for fun. But for the strong wind, blowing from them to us, they would have been silent so near a human camp.

But the beavers have taken me off the line of my story, as they frequently took us off our route.

WE camped that first night, after being lost for the sake of a beaver house, on the portage from Birch to Carp Lake. Bill caught a bass and a pickerel. His father made him put the latter back into the water. "Either put it back," he said, "or take it so far from camp that it will be clear out of the way." The pickerel is not esteemed as a food fish by the few who penetrate that wilderness.

There was a queer little noise about

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camp that night. We found, in the morning, that it was made by young weasels—weasels almost as gentle as kittens, so little did they and their ancestors know of man and his treachery.

Practically the only sign of man, even on that portage, was his domesticated grasses. More faithful than his dog, they follow him into the wilderness—red clover and alsike clover and timothy and redtop. The clovers turn back first. Timothy tags on for a time longer. And when you are where redtop no longer follows the tracks of man across the portages the wilderness is absolute.

And there, where all marks of man end, the loons begin. Almost the incarnation of the wilderness, they would make those boundary waters well worth while if all the other charms were gone—but the loons would go, of course, with the other charms. We had unusual opportunity to study them. Bill could imitate their call so accurately that they would come, searching through the little waves, very close to our canoe. But Bill never could remember how to make the call until the loon did it first. Those that kept silence, therefore, we could not conjure.

But the realest witchery of the loons was not in those that laughed and cried by day upon the broad waters. It would come late at night, when the camp-fire had burned to a glow, when the last pipe was almost smoked, when no shadow of sound existed in earth or air or water. Then, from some far lagoon, would float that other soft and pleasing call, the lullaby of the loon, hardly a sound at all, but just enough to make the silence audible.

The next day we were in big water, on Emerald Lake. In the afternoon rain threatened, and we made camp early on a stony point. That was the beginning of our inability to pitch tents with stakes, so thin is the leaf-made soil, so near the rock. We had to tie to trees and blueberry bushes and little stunted cedars in the cracks.

We found near camp next morning some really fine blueberries, and the Professor and I picked enough for two or three meals for the party. While we were doing it he gave me a bit of interesting information. "The few Indians who once lived in this region," he said, "had no vegetable food except blueberries and wild rice." Incidentally, we had brought along some wild rice, harvested by Indians, sold by the outfitter, and—in camp, at least—it is much superior to the ordinary kind.

On the rocks above this camp some chipmunks barked about my feet and told me to go away. I found signs of moose under the balsams by a little bay where I went for a swim. Several times we found such signs. But the Professor was never hopeful that we would see a moose, and we never did. There were no swamps, he explained. And, though that has nothing to do with moose, there were no sand beaches. In the nine days we did not see as much sand as would fill a chicken's crop. Those lakes are too new, the complete glaciation too recent—only a few hundreds of thousands of years ago, perhaps—the wave wash too slight to have piled up sand beaches as yet.

THE next day we were on water surrounded by real woods, fairly big pine and spruce and balsam, the first that we had seen. We made a portage, a mile long and extremely rough, on which there were some wonderful trees.

On that portage I heard the song of the winter wren, a privilege not before vouchsafed to me, a privilege not vouchsafed to any whose bird hunting has not extended north of the line of the Great Lakes. My mind went back to the time when I first saw this least and loneliest of the wrens. It was a late fall twilight, under the shadow of the Overton Knobs near Nashville, when a party of us were returning from a long bird tramp. The little fellow flashed out of the foliage, and one of my party shot it. Such license is granted to ornithologists—for the benefit, the law reads, of science.

On that portage we met a canoeful of wilderness farers coming out, and sent letters by them, Mack and I, to our families. They told us, those outcoming wilderness farers, of a particularly fine camp site which they had left, up Otter Track Lake—one of the prettiest lakes that I saw—and we made it that night, by hard paddling.

And when we had made it, Mack did not want to camp there. It had been too recently used, he said, and the skunks might get us. The Professor sniffed. "It's by odds the best camping-place we have seen, or will see," he said, "and there are not enough skunks in this whole wilderness to musk a midget." Mack paddled away across the bay looking for another camp site, but he did not find it, and we camped in the old one, and no skunk came. Some Canada jays did come and feast on our bacon rinds. They know, those wise birds, much better than skunks do where food is likely to be. No doubt they had eaten of the bacon rinds of all parties that had camped by that fireplace for years.

Those wilderness fireplaces—stones piled up with a green birch pole across on forked stakes and pothooks made of forked limbs—are frequently to be found. Only one night did we fail to find a camp site with a fireplace already made. Practically the only marks of human hands in all that region, they are well smoked and old. More than two hundred years old, some of them, perhaps. For that wilderness was no more a wilderness at the end of the first quarter of the eighteenth century than it is at the end of the first quarter of the twentieth. A queer feeling comes over one from the realization that by these rocks where he squats and fries bacon a French voyageur probably squatted and fried bacon when this was no more wilderness than all the rest of North America.

THE next day was one of many portages from one small lake to another, of many lifts over beaver dams, for we had decided to take a short cut to Saganagons, leaving Cache Bay and Saganaga, on the regular route, to the east. The rocks were rougher, the portages steeper, but there was the reward of a profusion of plants. No end of clintonia, the brilliant, blue-berried plant named in honor of De Witt Clinton. I found a handful of raspberries, one lone strawberry, a dewberry or two, a little wisp of currants, a fair-sized patch of thimbleberries, queer cousins of the raspberry—not enough to have helped out the food supply of the Indians who once were there, but enough to give a pilgrim a taste. Partridgeberries, too, were everywhere—of no service to man, but fine for birds, if there only had been any birds there.

And there were birds there, as it turned out. Suddenly I was in the midst of a flock of warblers of several species, through with their family duties, no doubt, and ready to start south. Instinctively, I listened for the chickadee. He is the bell-wether of the warbler flock, queerly enough, as it feeds southward in the fall. And, sure enough, the chickadee piped up—busy, there in those northern woods and waters, herding his flock together for the long drive to another summer in the Southern Hemisphere.

We portaged into Saganagons, into a marsh. And redwing blackbirds were calling. A kingfisher flashed across the channel. One spot in that wilderness had its fair population of birds.

We found a likely-looking camping site on a cliff, and paddled toward it. Bill, looking through the glasses, said that there was a bear waddling about

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A step on the stairs from Saganagons to Kanipi

among the trees. Mack called the information back to the other canoe. The Professor broke out his glasses, looked—and snorted. One word he uttered—"Porcupine!"

The porcupine leisurely climbed a tree and looked down upon us as we made camp.

NEXT morning we broke camp two hours earlier than usual, in order to make up time. But we made up no time. A sudden thunder-storm, with wind, came upon us, and we were glad to seek shelter in a little bay and to land on its shores. Here, I think, was the spot with more the feel of wildness to it than any other that I saw in all that welter of wildness. The trees were all conifers and fairly large. All over the ground were graves of trees—mounds of moss, with all the wood that had once lain beneath them completely rotted away, so that one's feet went down half knee-deep. Alf and the Professor sheltered on the other side of the bay, in woods not so fine as ours. But a porcupine sat in a tree above their heads, motionless as long as the rain poured down. When the shower was over, he started eating buds, and we left him making a hearty breakfast.

That porcupine completes the list of the four-footed things that I saw during nine days in the wilderness of the boundary waters.

OUT of Saganagons Lake we went into Saganagons River, a stream of many beautiful waterfalls with portages around them—hogbacks, and hard to make. By the time we reached the last of them we had left Alf and the Professor far behind—not that we were better paddlers, but merely that they, having the camera, found many pictures to make. Mack and Bill, while we waited, went fishing below the falls. And on the portage, among black spruce trees, on a bed of boughs that some other wilderness farer had left, with the roar of the falls in my ears, I stretched out and went to sleep. I awoke with a wonderful picture framed before my eyes—a glorious old white pine on the other side of the falls and, for an instant, an eagle hanging motionless above it—eagle or osprey, I had not time to make certain which, and the Profesor said that both were rare in that region.

Here was the spot whose beauty struck nearest home to my heart. No doubt there were other spots as beautiful, but at this one I had opportunity to rest from the portaging. Perhaps one other place awed me as much. We had camped the night before among the falls, and the Professor and I sat late by the fire, and the moon, almost at the full, hung southward over a woods that by daylight had been fire-scarred and ugly. Under the moon, with the falls in the foreground, it made a wonderful picture of loneliness and remoteness from human kind.

IT was at this camp that the Professor developed the habit of kicking over the coffee-pot. He did it with wonderful regularity and precision for the next three meals, until I hit upon the happy expedient of setting out the pot for him to kick over before the coffee was made. After that he refused to have anything to do with the cooking, and even declined, at the next camp, to share my tent, though the ground was so stony that he could not put up his own.

He led me to think that this stubbornness was related to the coffee-pot incident, but afterwards explained that he wanted to be able to tell his wife that he had slept on the rocks and dreamed of her. I think he meant to be complimentary. He was not, however, complimentary of the mosquitoes the next morning.

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The weather had turned warm in the night, and he could not keep his head covered.

Well, we paddled on down into Lake Kanipi—there is more to the name, five syllables more, but I am not up to the spelling, and, anyhow, Kanipi is the familiar diminutive—and across Agnes, where we had our troubles. Paddling Agnes may be easy enough ordinarily, but we did it against the wind. Then across a chain of alliterative small lakes —Silence and Sultry and Summer, etc. —and so finally, after other camps, back into Basswood, where, after breakfast on a Sunday morning, the chug-boat picked us up by appointment and brought us back to the fringe of civilization.

For some time I had been somewhat homesick for several things. One was the reflection of my own face. A man's face ordinarily means little to him, but when he goes without seeing it for nine days he begins to wonder whether he is himself or not. And it never occurred to me to take a mirror into the wilderness. It turned out, however, that Mack took one, and we all shaved before coming out.

But, most of all, I was homesick for the sight of a good, honest hardwood tree —oak or elm or hickory. A few black ash there are in the wilderness—a little clump of dwarfs every fifty miles or so —and some shrubs called moose maple; but none of the sturdy trees that hold their limbs straight out. If you have lived with that kind of trees all your life, you cannot imagine until you try it how you will miss them. So, homeward bound after leaving the others behind in Minnesota, I could not resist the impulse to climb off the train somewhere in Ohio and stroll along a ditch bank to see some oak trees, standing like sturdy old men, with bouncing-bet at their feet.

THE wilderness gives many joys, but few greater than that of getting back to the familiar things.

Why ever was I in the wilderness at all, then? Well, am I less a wilderness lover if I love to be back with my familiar wildnesses of field and farm wood-lot and creek-bank thicket? There is one glory of the wilderness and another glory of—but there I go with my paraphrasing of things that should not be paraphrased.

International Relationships in the Pacific

The Story of the Second Honolulu Conference

The Revolt Against Westernism

By FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

Professor in Law and Politics, Hamilton College; Advisory Counsel Experimental School of Political Science, Syracuse University; Member of Congress, Thirty-third District of New York

The Status of Foreign Missions in the Pacific

WE heard much during the Conference, particularly from the Chinese, of the criticism of religious missions in the Orient. Smacking too much of foreign interference, too Western in their atmosphere, too superior in their attitude, too doctrinal and denominational, too reluctant to trust ecclesiastical authority to native people, too unaware of the spiritual values in other religions; and, above all, judging by the Great War of the Christian nations, too insincere! In China, where this attitude especially prevails among certain classes, it is, of course, a part of the whole current of revolt against Westernism. None were more ready at the Conference than the wiser of the missionaries to confess the faults of the mission movement and the shortcomings of Western civilization, but it appeared, after full discussion, that these criticisms, while partly true, are more or less superficial and pertain to individuals, and that the real criticism lies deeper.

In the important field of the more primitive peoples, for example, in the South Sea Islands, where Christianity and advancing civilization have eliminated war, infanticide, cannibalism, witchcraft, tabu and the whole fundamental psychology of fear, and have slowly, even though in some places blunderingly, substituted the leadership of industrial and economic betterment and intelligence and the principles of pure and undefiled religion, the results have been beyond eulogy. Certainly this is true in the Hawaiian Island group, where American missionaries have established an unbeatable record for sacrifice and religious and social service. And the same appears to be widely true in the other islands of the Pacific.

In countries like China and Japan, however, it was declared in the Conference that some fundamental changes of authority and mission philosophy must soon be made. Everybody seemed to believe that many of the missionaries who have recently come out of China would go back and be gladly received by the masses of the Chinese people. But dogma will count less and less and mere authoritative ecclesiastical organization from without will count less and less. The Chinese and Japanese are not primitive peoples. They are pretty wise folks. China has been caught in the swirl of arrested development, but she is getting out of it, and she has ages of certain kinds of sagacity behind her. The simple spirit of religion and social service will never be completely out of date, but what China is groping for, it appears, is a dynamic, creative religious philosophy such as centers around the ideas and the personality of Jesus of Nazareth. The simple conception of Jesus, of a personal relation to a Father in heaven, or to a reality of creative love, was lost out of China's thought and experience a thousand years ago, and with it there passed from the Chinese people, said the prophet representative Koo from China, the creative imagination and purpose whose absence helps to account as much as anything else for the arrested development of a population of four hundred millions.

And as for Japan, let Christian missions take a leaf from the note-book of Archbishop Nicolai, of the Russian Orthodox Church in Japan, as related in a pamphlet for the Honolulu Conference prepared by Harlan P. Beach. Nicolai's

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heartfelt interest in the land of Japan had made a great impression upon the masses of the Japanese people before the beginning of the Russo-Japanese War. During the strenuous months of that war, when all Russians were execrated in Japan and their shops often looted, the Cathedral of Nicolai was sacrosanct. No people could fail to respond to the superlative strategy of this man. At the beginning of the conflict he sent word to his followers everywhere throughout Japan:

> I hope there will be no change in our Church through the outbreak of the war. Evangelists must propagate the Master's Gospel, students must attend the Mission School as usual, and I will devote myself to the translation of the Prayer-Book, with my assistant Nakae. And if an Imperial Proclamation of war is issued, your members must pray for the triumph of Japan; and when the Japanese army has conquered the Russian forces, you must offer to God a prayer of thankfulness. This is the obligation laid on the Orthodox Christian in his native country. Our Lord Jesus Christ teaches us patriotism and loyalty. Christ himself shed tears for Jerusalem. This was because of his patriotism, and you must follow in your Master's steps. I prayed as usual to-day in the Cathedral, but henceforth I will not take part in the public prayers. This is not for the reason that it might be dangerous for me to appear in the Cathedral, but for the reason that until now I prayed for the victory and the peace of the Japanese Emperor, but now in case of war I cannot pray as a Russian subject that our native country should be conquered by an enemy. I have, as you also have, an obligation to my country; therefore I am glad to see that you realize your obligation to your country.

Just after the Russo-Japanese War Nicolai stood upon the platform of the Tokyo Young Men's Christian Association and in eloquent Japanese, which had become a second mother tongue, told six hundred and twenty-five men and women delegates from twenty-five nations who were attending the Conference of the World Student Christian Federation that he had come to love Yamato-damashii (Japanese spirit), founded upon the purity of Shinto, the love of Buddhism, and the morality of Confucianism. These were the schoolmasters to lead the people to God, whom they did not understand as Father!

This seems to me to be a consummate example of modesty and simplicity and sagacity which the missionary men and women of other countries would do well to emulate.

Philippine Independence

THERE were at Honolulu representatives of all important factions and points of view in the Philippine Islands, our American wards falling to us from the Spaniards, with an area of 114,000 square miles and a population now estimated at eleven millions. When we took them over, they were the helpless victims of preventable disease; they had just lost in an epidemic of rinderpest over eighty per cent of their work animals. They had neither education, sanitation, nor economic development. The Filipinos have proved quick to learn, and now there are some twenty-seven thousand teachers in the schools, instructing over a million children. Hundreds of students are enrolled in the universities. While the percentage of absolute illiteracy has thus been greatly reduced, comparatively few of the people are as yet interested in anything connected with public affairs, as is evidenced by the total circulation in the Philippines of all periodicals, daily, weekly, and monthly, which in 1924, according to the report to the Conference by Judge Fisher, from whose speech these facts are taken, is approximately 150,000 for the population of eleven million—one paper or periodical for each eighty persons.

The climate of the Philippines is reasonably good, but it is an unceasing struggle of American sanitary science with the tropical diseases which affect men and animals alike. The economic development of these islands is lagging relatively far behind Porto Rico, Hawaii, and Cuba. If the resources of the Philippines were as well developed as those of Porto Rico and Cuba, their per capita export production would be about five times what it is. Capital has not been adequately attracted to the country, although there is richness of natural resource. While the Philippines have absorbed already about two hundred millions of capital since the American occupation, Cuba, with a third of the area, has absorbed a billion and a half of American and British capital. The reason appears to be found in the uncertainty about the political future of the country. Now Philippine products are admitted to the American markets free of duty. If it were certain that this would continue under an orderly government, capital would undoubtedly flow freely, and both the political and economic organizations of the country would be advanced. Of course, it is clear that in no country can there be proper political development unless there is sound and expanding economic development underlying it.

It seems to be the independence issue which more than anything else is retarding progress. This issue to a certain extent we inherited, but it has grown with the growing enlightenment of large numbers of the population with respect to our own American domestic ideals and standards of political freedom. It has been accelerated by the unfortunate Harrison régime under the Wilson Administration and by the unfortunate preamble in the Jones Act for the islands. This preamble and this régime carried natural implications to the Philippines which it is impossible justly to fulfill as the Philippines interpret them. Both the preamble and the régime presumed a too rapid rate of progress in local responsibility and control. They represent democracy on the loose. They took no account of the differences in the stage of social evolution among the peoples of the earth. The conflict with Governor-General Wood grew almost entirely out of the necessity of the executive authority in the islands once more exercising the powers inherent in the office which had been abdicated by Wood's predecessor.

After taking account of all the testimony from the various witnesses who appeared before the American group in Honolulu, my interpretation is that there is not in the Philippine Islands anything like a responsible electorate, and will not be for many years. There may never be if the normal development is checked and baffled by constant agitation over the independence issue. There appears not to be the slightest doubt that the Filipino leaders correctly and honestly represent the desire for immediate independence on the part of all articulate intelligent Filipinos, and that there has been wide and acceptable propagation of the idea through the mass of the population. The islands are saturated with it. A yearly National Prayer Day for the emancipation of the country has been established shrewdly for the 22d of February, and the following are paragraphs from the first National Prayer offered in 1925:

> "Almighty God, Father of all Nations, Fountain of all strength and mercy, we thy people come unto thee in this hour of danger and distress. Hide not thy face from this nation, we beseech thee. Do thou pour out thy holy comfort upon our afflicted souls. We are a weak people, but thou art our Refuge and our Deliverer."

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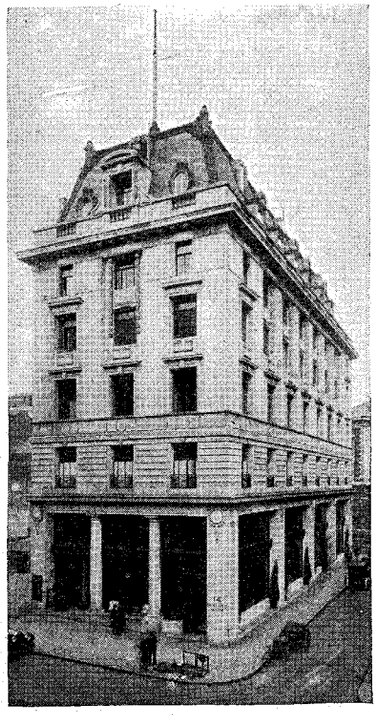

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"We entreat thee, O most Gracious Father, stay thou the hand that would smite our liberties. Send forth thy Spirit unto our rulers across the sea and so touch their hearts and quicken their sense of justice that they may in honor keep their plighted word to us."

The pupils in the Philippine schools write many essays. One of them was reported to me at the Conference as follows: The theme taken by this pupil was "The Cow." "The Cow," said the little Filipino, "is an animal which has four legs, one on each corner. She also gives milk—but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

From the testimony offered in Honolulu, it appears that the Philippines have nothing like a responsible electorate as we understand it, and that unless we mean to turn supinely back after having put our hands to the plow, they must wait and we must wait until there are in the Filipino population a far larger number of personal centers of intelligent public control, and particularly a far larger number of centers of financial intelligence for the conduct of the public business. In the meantime, if there is anything which will bring us more closely into sympathy with what I believe to be the genuine sincerity of the Filipino people about independence, it should be done. Our contacts hitherto have probably been too largely military, and imposed from above. A more sensitive civil rule and perhaps an unofficial conference of Americans and Filipinos, representing the leading public bodies of the mainland and the islands, might lead to a cool consideration of the Philippine problem of value to us and to them. My impression is that when the time for safe independence comes in the Philippines, the Filipinos themselves will recoil from it in any except a modified form of something like dominion status. They will catch the vision of hundreds of millions of the people of the earth looking eagerly towards America as a haven of refuge, and kept from it only by drastic immigration barriers. The Filipinos will, I think, finally prefer to remain in the happy circle of American welfare and reasonable freedom.

The Rising Tide of Peoples

THE movement for independence in the Philippines seems to me to be a part of the tide of rising recognition of the needs and rights of humanity throughout the whole Pacific area. In the islands of the South Seas, among the teeming millions of China, more and more in the social, economic, and political policies of Japan, and of course supremely in those countries of the British Commonwealth which guard the southern and the northeast shore, as well as in our own United States, it is the same tide; and it must more and more be taken into account by the foreign offices of Europe and America.

Peace and the American Department of State

I CAME away from Honolulu with a conviction that has been a belief with me for some time, that the United States is much better organized for war than for peace. Under present world conditions, no doubt we should be properly concerned about an adequate army and navy for defense. We spend vast sums upon organization for war—fifteen to twenty millions upon a single scouting cruiser of the first class. In both the army and the navy we have boards of leadership and strategy which are able and extremely sensitive to world currents of hostile opinion. The Department of State at Washington seems not to be so sensitively manned. It has issued within the last eight or nine months two statements about China of sound import and great importance. But they have not registered either in this country or China or about the world as the British statements have registered. Even though we employ its diplomatic resources in time of war, the Department of State is our bulwark of diplomacy for peace. Yet we overwork it. We underpay it. Some divisions of it are more noteworthy than others. It is necessary frequently to bring in career men from the field to man it effectively. Not long ago the Department badly needed an expert of a certain type, but the salary of $5,600 a year was not to be had. The Department worried along without him, and when it finally succeeded in getting the funds, the man had gone elsewhere. Shooting $5,600 into target practice is wise economy in preparation for war, but $5,600 is an extravagance in the preparation for peace! We spend only $2,000,000 a year for central purposes in Washington connected with the functioning of our Department of State, and only a few millions more for all purposes whatsoever connected with the Department throughout the world. I wonder that our foreign policy is as effective as it is. It seems to me that Congress, in sympathetic collaboration with our foreign office, should obtain a careful survey of the needs of that vital department of government and by reorganization and adequate appropriation strengthen it to the advantage of the country and the peace of the world.

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

"All Right for a Visit, Maybe."

WHEN I came into my office that morning, a woman and a boy were already there. The woman was determined and irritated. The boy was merely sleepy; he was about ten years old. It soon appeared that she had not come to see me, but the man who shared my office. She was a distant relative, or a friend of the family, and this was her first sight of New York and of the Atlantic coast. Her method of getting her first impression of America's largest city was as follows: She had driven her car all night, and arrived on Manhattan Island at 3:30 A.M., Eastern Standard Time. This was half an hour before dawn, and, as the month was June, it might have been a very good way to get a first impression and to see a wonderful sight—the skyscrapers of New York in the early morning twilight, not less wonderful and hardly less beautiful than that other great spectacle, "While Ilion like a mist rose into towers."

But she had not come to see beauty, nor anything good nor true. She had come from a land of virtue, or so she said, and she had only scornful eyes for Sodom and Gomorrah. This was the home of all that was wicked in American life, and the vials of her wrath were full. Without any breakfast, and therefore in no amiable mood, she had driven her car up and down the lonely streets for an hour or two, disapproving everything she saw. At about six o'clock she came to the building where my office-mate and I work, and sat on the front steps for three mortal hours, fuming at the lazy New Yorkers. When the doors were opened at last, she came inside in a high, old temper. While she waited for her kinsman she let me know her ideas about New York.

Was this her first visit? I asked it in a painfully cheerful manner that is often mine in the morning. Yes, it was, thank God, and it would be her last. That very night she would shake the dust off her Buick, and set out again, like great Orion, sloping slowly to the West. But a week, and she would be once more in the own land of the Almighty; in the wide open spaces; out where the handclasp is a little warmer, where goodness abounds. I asked her, by the way, if she were aware that the author of "Out Where the West Begins" now lives in New York. She replied shortly that she was not, and that he did not come from the right part of the West, anyhow. She would not allow New York even as much as would the original author of the ancient saying that it is "All right for a short visit, maybe, but I wouldn't live there—no, no, not if they'd give me the place!"

I could not offer to give her the place, but to keep her mind off her sufferings and to give her the benefit of a warning I related a little story from my own experience. A dozen or fourteen years before some one had suggested that I ought to come to New York to work, and I had made the usual reply by asking what would compensate me for the agony of living in New York. I made a meal of my own words with unusual promptness, for within a fortnight I had agreed to come, and since then had spent nine or ten years living, not in the country round about, but on the actual and wicked island of Manhattan itself. Now, so lost was I to righteousness, as it is understood elsewhere, that nothing could induce me to move. This made no impression. I could see that in her own mind was the thought that it was only natural to find the infernal regions inhabited by fallen angels.

The metropolis is ever in disrepute. Probably the country folk outside Babylon plumed themselves on their good sense and good conduct for not living in the city. There is a tale of two old *bourgeois* gentlemen in a village in southern France who, fifty years earlier, had spent four days in Paris. To the end of their lives their fellow-villagers looked upon them as delightfully wicked, but hopelessly corrupt. Any opinion advanced by either of them met the reply, "Oh, you old rogue—*you* have been in Paris!" Doubtless there are places in New York where one can spend money fairly foolishly; pay fifty dollars, as once was said, for the privilege of eating bad food and having somebody hit you over the head with a wooden clitter-clatter. Doubtless, also, these places derive their most enthusiastic support from centers of virtue farther west or east or south.

One of the foci of lunacy in New York is Greenwich Village, and its most idiotic manifestations are kept up by and for outsiders. The Village is also a place where many people can and do live sim-

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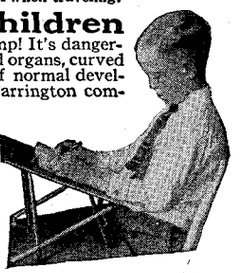
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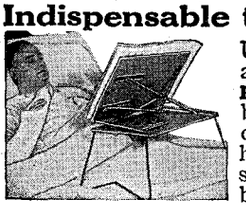
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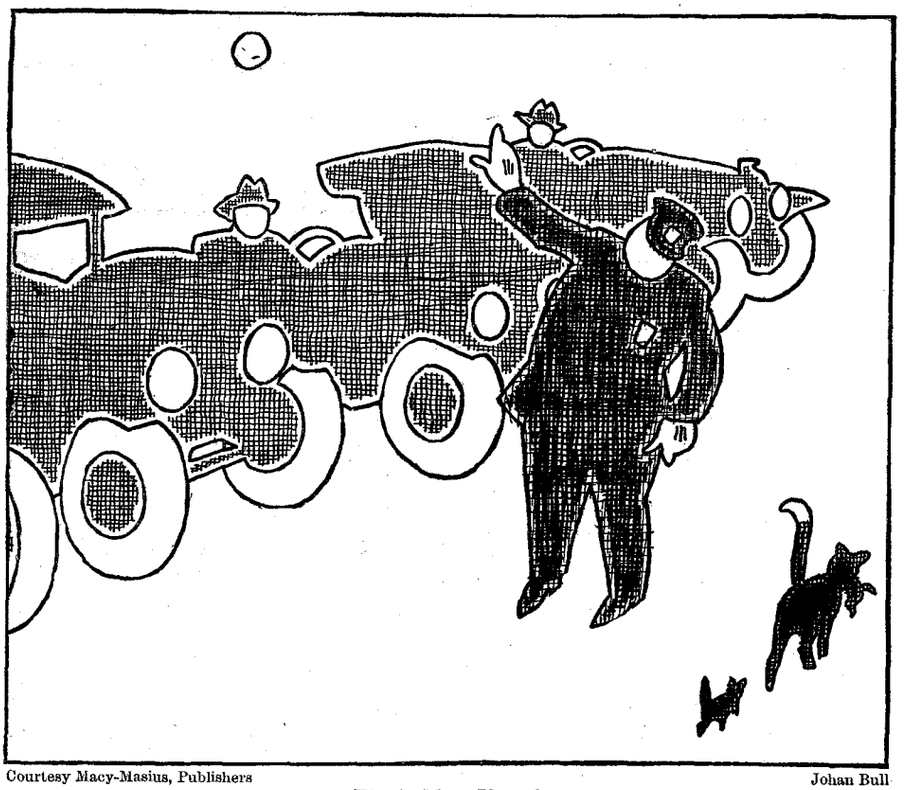

Courtesy Macy-Masius, Publishers — Johan Bull

That's New York!

ply, quietly, and happily. Frigidity of the heart is frequently attributed to New Yorkers. Why, you don't even know your next-door neighbor, says the shocked and motherly soul. The New Yorker is placid about this; he knows the wisdom of picking his own friends and acquaintances, instead of having them thrust upon him by accidents of neighborhood.

To the dweller in any great city it is a commonplace that he may live in seclusion if he likes and be much less the goldfish in the bowl than is the inhabitant of the small town. The fiction of the wild riot of city life still persists. A year ago a dozen men came to New York, one night, to take dinner with some former fellow-townsmen. They were all natives of a small city three hundred miles away. By eleven o'clock the party had diminished in number by at least half, as the thought of business next day or mere physical weariness sent one after another off to bed. But five or six resolute spirits remained. They were determined to see something of this night life about which so much is said and written. They wished to go to the Midnight Follies, and they appealed to the two New Yorkers for guidance. These two were sure it could be arranged, and they would be glad to lead the expedition. They seemed a little foggy about it, however—a fact which the visitors remarked upon. But they would soon set that right, and one of them strolled over and asked the doorman of the club where he could get tickets for the Midnight Follies. The doorman's smile was full of pity, as he looked at this New Yorker.

"Why, there haven't been any Midnight Follies, sir, for over two years."

That was New York, and that was as much New York as the hullabaloo emanating at that moment from the throats of gentlemen from Detroit, Boisé, and Spokane enjoying themselves at Texas Guinan's. Mr. Morris Markey's "That's New York"[1] is an able transcript of many phases of the city's life. There are gunmen in it, and there is the Black Bottom. And there is also the Rev. John Roach Straton and his Child Evangelist, Uldine Utley. There are trials and prize-fights, and there are notable bequests and acts of philanthropy. Mr. Markey writes well; his essays about the city are sophisticated, but not bitter or cynical. Perhaps nothing in it is a more truthful representation of New York than Mr. Bull's drawing, reproduced on this page. For if there are big brutal motor cars, and traffic jams, and heavy-footed cops in New York, so also there is domestic life, calm and rather triumphant. And for it the rest of the noisiness often ceases—as it does for Mother and little Cyril and little Gertrude in Mr. Bull's picture.

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[1] That's New York! By Morris Markey and Johan Bull. Macy-Masius, New York. $2.

Fiction

CAPTAIN CAVALIER. By Jackson Gregory. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

In the days when the Spanish still flourished in Lower California there were out-and-out pirates at sea. One shipwrecked crew with a captain who could be masterful over brutes and chivalrous to fair ladies furnishes the romance and peril for this somewhat high-colored tale.

IN THE PATH OF THE STORM. By James R. Franklin. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

A study of the still primitive mountain life to be found in far-back "coves" of the Virginian Alleghanies. Thoroughly striking and convincing is the character of Lebedy, an ancient and queer but true-hearted woman of the hills, and in a less degree that of her vicious and murderous moonshiner husband, Achilles—pronounced, Mr. Franklin tells us, Atch-i-lees. Generally speaking, the local color and character rendering are good, but the plot is melodramatic to a degree.

THE SON OF THE GRAND EUNUCH. By Charles Pettit. Boni & Liveright, New York. $3.

A novel of China about thirty years ago. Court customs are explained and satirized, and a humorous effect is extracted—not without agony—by the familiar Cabell method of hovering on the brink of the naughty. The publishers compare it with "Candide" and with the works of Pierre Louys and Anatole France. It does recall those writers, particularly Anatole France, and makes us realize how well he could do this kind of thing.

RESPECTABILITY. By Bohun Lynch. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.50.

"Respectability," as a novel by an artist, brings to mind that theme of Havelock Ellis's once developed (with variations) by Carl Van Vechten. "It is hard indeed to think of any artist in design who has been a bad writer. The painter may never write, but when he writes, it would almost seem without an effort, he writes well." There is no doubt that Mr. Lynch writes well, fluently even. He knows how to construct a novel, to balance a sympathetic character against a sanctimonious or hypocritical one, to study various periods and levels of English society. The novel has every virtue except that of being interesting. "Respectability" is more than respectably dull. That this defect is chiefly attributable to a wrong choice of subject is suggested by the genuinely entertaining chapter which describes the portrait exhibition held by St. John Orgrave.

SLAG. By John McIntyre. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

Slag is the refuse of the melting-pot. Mr. McIntyre's strong, swift, and tragic story is of a group of characters, evil or pitiable, who are part of the human slag of a great city. It deals with these forlorn and fated people as starkly as do the much-praised Russian realists with the dregs of their Russian villages and towns, and it is, for most Americans, better and more wholesome reading. Its artistry is not diluted by translation, and one does not become uselessly miserable over types and conditions difficult wholly to understand. There is no drag in the telling, no fog of futility in which the writer seems to grope. The tragedy is clear-cut and meaningful, such a thing as happens often in our own imperfectly civilized civilization among our recently transplanted alien folk, bad or good. Poor Cochack, with his twisted ideals and his adored and oddly companioned twin champions of the poor, St. Francis and

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Lenine, has the stuff of heroes and martyrs in him; yet he dies, quite necessarily, at the hands of the police. The other characters are few and mostly of the underworld or its borderland. Minnie, who loves the burglar Grolach, and her distress when she fails to profit by his instructions in shoplifting through fright and self-consciousness, are excellent; her self-reproach is scarcely distinguishable from a troubled conscience. Not a cheerful book, but an able one.

History

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN FOREIGN RELATIONS. By Louis Martin Sears, Professor of History in Purdue University. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $3.50.

Professor Sears has performed an important service in writing this comprehensive survey of the relation of America to foreign nations from the colonial period down to date. He finds that "American History as a whole shows for a democracy a surprising continuity of foreign policy, the main threads thereof surviving alternations of political party." Henry Clay, rather than Madison, is credited with fathering the War of 1812, while the author finds that, on the whole, Jefferson's peace policy reflected the desires of the people. With the Hartford Convention plotting secession, "peace at any price" became almost imperative in 1814. Thanks to able handling by American commissions, the conclusion reached was creditable.

Professor Sears gives much attention to the Monroe Doctrine, one of our continuing policies. Its formulation has stood, though often it has failed to earn the respect of those South American republics it was designed to protect. This began under John Quincy Adams, and remains an inherent weakness in the forcefulness of the Doctrine as such.

How nearly Confederate diplomacy came to accomplishing much during the war between the States forms an interesting chapter. Pressed by Napoleon and annoyed by Secretary Seward, England was often near the edge of recognizing the Confederacy, the consequences of which would have been hard to surmise—certainly they would have been highly unfavorable to the North. That the Union was saved, the author holds, was due "no less to diplomats than generals."

Professor Sears shows that our representatives in the foreign field, both in the State Department and in the chancelleries abroad, have been distinguished. Perhaps because of partisanship, this fact has been too often overlooked by the critical. We have never blundered ourselves into difficulties, nor come out of a conflict poorer than when we entered it.

The story is well told. It is full of National assurance and marked instances of capability. Uncle Sam cut his eye-teeth very early!

Travel and Description

TWO VAGABONDS IN ALBANIA. By Jan and Cora Gordon. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $6.

If you mind straw mats to sleep on, all the more aggressive forms of bug life in your bed, curious-minded natives peeking through cracks in your door or cutting slits in the curtain for the same sly purpose, cloying syrupy drinks and burned maize bread to eat, roads which are almost impassable, and a political state so unstable that it borders on wholesale banditry, don't go to Albania.

On the other hand, if you are interested in a country where no whisper of the Lucy Stone League has penetrated, in which the bandit chief of to-day may literally be the policeman of to-morrow—a country at once a republic and an autocracy, which is "a combination of volatile vivid Easternism and pedantic ponderous Westernism leashed together in an incompatible bond," then Albania is the place for you to visit.

In either case, the authors have made of their vagabondage there an absorbing case for Albania. Like their own anecdote of King Edward and the glass of brandy, they have taken Albania in their hands, warmed it, inhaled its aroma, and then written about it. Descriptions of strange customs in political and judicial systems in this half-Oriental country, and stranger manners in food, drink, and clothing, flow colorfully from their seasoned pens.

A few years may see great changes in Albania. Various acquisitive eyes have long regarded it, and lately there have been newspaper reports of secret Italian fortifications going on at Finiq.

Despite the fact that the chief concern of these travelers seems to have been learning to play the native *bousouka*, their book, in which the illustrations are drawings by Cora Gordon, is far ahead of the average travel book. A scholarly comprehension is abetted by humorous observation in this interpretation of native Albania. These are no amateur vagabonds. A sketch map in the front of the book shows how completely they covered the country by motor and on horseback.

Essays and Criticism

SHAKESPEARE, ACTOR-POET, AS SEEN BY HIS ASSOCIATES, EXPLAINED BY HIMSELF AND REMEMBERED BY THE SUCCEEDING GENERATION. By Clara Longworth de Chambrun. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $3.

Biographical essays on Shakespeare which deserve consideration on their own merits. The book has received a prize from the French Academy, and especial attention in this country because the author is a sister of the Speaker of the House.

Poems

THE CAMBRIDGE BOOK OF LESSER POETS. Compiled by J. C. Squire. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.75.

An admirable anthology of poems omitted and poets ignored in such collections as "The Golden Treasury" and "The Oxford Book of English Verse." It is good to own to supplement these books, and for its own sake as well.

Politics and Government

THE ORIGIN OF THE STATE. By Robert H. Lowie, Professor of Anthropology, University of California. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $1.50.

The title is rather misleading. Professor Lowie surveys the organization of primitive society in search of possible germs from which a State might grow. His discussion is interesting; his discoveries are few.

CHINA AND FOREIGN POWERS: An Historical Review of Their Relations. By Sir Frederick Whyte. The Oxford University Press, New York. $1.

The author has put together clearly the full story of the Chinese foreign relations since modern trade began with the Orient. Trade, and trade alone, has been the thing of interest so far as England has been concerned. To promote and preserve this, much has been conceded and endured from the British view-point.

THE EUROPEAN SITUATION. By A. Mendelsohn-Bartholdy. The Yale University Press, New Haven. $2.

Published for the Williamstown Institute of Politics, this is the public issue of the Institute addresses delivered by the Director of the Hamburg Institute of Foreign Policy in the summer of 1926. In some quarters it is still regarded as proper to consider statements of this nature made by Germans as being uttered with the tongue in the cheek, and it is against this very attitude that these talks were directed. Dr. Mendelsohn-Bartholdy, something of

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an authority on international diseases, is proud of the fact that his upbringing was essentially republican and that his name occupied a place of honor on the Imperial proscription lists. So there is no empty "Peace for peace sake" blather in his remarks. He goes to the heart of the matter, insisting that relations between countries are something deeper than diplomacy may allow, not an affair to be regarded in terms of economic and financial struggle or national predominance, but rather in the same light as the personal contacts of man and man.

Notes on New Books

SPEECH, ITS FUNCTION AND DEVELOPMENT. By Grace Andrus de Laguna. The Yale University Press, New Haven. $5.

By the Associate Professor of Philosophy at Bryn Mawr. A scientific study of the act of speech and its aspect in the life of the individual and its rôle in society. The word society is used, of course, in its scientific sense.

CAPTAINS OF THE WATCH OF LIFE AND DEATH. By Mabel Osgood Wright. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

About trained nurses, hospitals, doctors, and patients.

BOOK REVIEWING. By Wayne Gard. (Borzoi Handbooks of Journalism.) Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $2.

About book reviewing to-day, especially in America. What literary editors aim to give in a book review; how book pages are edited; examples of types of recent reviews. Ends with a list of American newspapers and magazines which publish book reviews.

THE BINGHAM FAMILY IN THE UNITED STATES. Compiled by Theodore A. Bingham. Published by the Bingham Association, Easton, Pa. $15.

The genealogy of the Binghams.

THE PATHWAY OF PEACE. By Robert McElroy. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.25.

"An interpretation of some British-American crises" by the Professor of American History at Oxford.

HOW YOU CAN WRITE PLAYS. By Mark Swan. Samuel French, New York. $2.85.

Called a practical guide-book, and doubtless as useful as any printed information can be about an art which is one of the most difficult of all.

ON BEING A GIRL. By Jessie E. Gibson. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.60.

Advice for girls by the dean of a Spokane high school. All about a girl's career in school, in business, her relations with her family and friends, and how to solve her personal problems.

PLAYING WITH CLAY. By Ada M. Wheeler. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

A very well illustrated book with instruction for children in the art of the potter.

ADVENTURES IN THE MINDS OF MEN. By Lynn Harold Hough. The Abingdon Press, New York. $1.50.

Ethical essays about books, religion, men, and life.

ADVENTURES WITH CHRIST IN LATIN AMERICA. By Bishop George A. Miller. The Abingdon Press, New York. $1.

The story of Christian missions in Latin-American countries.

Books Received

CHINA: YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY. By E. T. Williams. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $4.50.

THE MYTH OF THE INDIVIDUAL. By Charles W. Wood. The John Day Company, New York. $2.50.

FIRST ENGLISH TRANSLATORS OF THE CLASSICS. By C. H. Conley. The Yale University Press, New Haven. $3.

PLAYS & MASQUES AT COURT. By Mary Susan Steele. The Yale University Press, New Haven. $4.

INDUSTRIAL AND COMMERCIAL SOUTH AMERICA. By Annie S. Peck. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $3.50.

BIBLE LANDS TO-DAY. By William T. Ellis. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $3.

Contributors' Gallery

STANLEY HIGH, whose account of personalities and events in the Chinese drama appears in this week's issue, has only recently returned from a trip to China which he made for the Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He is assistant secretary of that Board. He is a frequent contributor to magazines and newspapers, and has previously written for The Outlook. At one time he served on the editorial staff of the "Christian Science Monitor." Mr High is the author of several books, and is at present at work on another.

REPRESENTATIVE FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT'S third and final article on the Honolulu Conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations is published in this issue.

DIXON MERRITT, The Outlook's Washington Correspondent, contributes this week his impressions of a canoe trip which he took in northern Minnesota and Ontario. He was specially sent by The Outlook to investigate the possible results of a proposal to dam several of the lakes in that region.

Free for All

Religion for the New Generation

MANY years ago I was told of an old Greek adage. It was: "Handsome at twenty, strong at thirty, rich at forty, and wise at fifty." If life, our individual life, is to teach us anything, we must have attained something definite at fifty years of age. Reading Mr. Irving T. Bush's article in The Outlook on "A Business Man's View of Religion," I would say that now, at fifty-four years of age, a mother of grown children, and a Sunday-school teacher of young children, I, like him, am deeply convinced by years of experience of a supreme spiritual Power we call God; and, to me, Christ is the divine fulfillment of that spiritual Power in man—the spiritual power of righteousness, truth, and loving-kindness. But what are we to teach the children? I have yet to see a curriculum of Sunday-school lessons I really approve of, and I have been teaching more or less for twenty-five years. I, too, have used the illustrations of radio, wireless, etc., as of our possible endrange of psychic phenomena. I have simply stated that I know nothing of angels, and do not understand anything about the miracles, so will not discuss something I know nothing about; but about truth, righteousness, and loving-kindness as taught by the great prophets, and the experiences of the lives of the men and women of the Bible, and the fulfillment in the highest sense of what we call the divine spirit in the life of Christ—that I believe, and that I teach. My own life has given me a deep faith and conviction in prayer—prayer to make strong and true those things I believe to be right, and loving, and kind; to accept what I cannot alter or what has come to me through no fault of my own; and to find joy in living, and to give to others whatever happiness lies in my power. I teach the young children to pray to be truthful, to be honest and sincere, and to be kind. I emphasize fairness and honesty in work and play—never to cheat and to have courage always to speak the truth. This I feel I can do at fifty-four years of age, with a half-century of experience of life; but, if I had to take the Sunday-school lessons as given and teach them at twenty years of age, I could not teach at all.

Young college men and women have said to me: "I want to have faith, I want to believe, but I cannot believe what the Church teaches." The foremost educators should confer with the spiritual masters and pastors of to-day, and give us a simple, constructive curriculum of what can be taught to children ten or twelve years of age, of any age, and be *believed* and *lived* by them when they are at college, or at any time of their lives.

I believe youth or age needs to feel a deep sense of reverence for a spiritual Power they can really believe in, and our leaders of thought and understanding of these things must make Christ's gospel to the Christian simple and true, leaving the unexplainable to another time or age, or frankly admitting their inability to understand it.

Our youth are no longer dominated. They are endeavoring to be sincere, and only as they see Christ's spirit reflected, be it ever so little, in those who call themselves Christians can they have any respect or regard for that religion.

NELLIS R. SAWYER.

Albany, New York.

"Twenty Questions" on General Information

Answered in this issue of The Outlook

Give yourself 5 points for each question correctly answered. One hundred points is a perfect score. You can find the correct solution on the pages cited.

1. What are the two historic creeds commonly accepted in Christian churches? (P. 44.)
2. For whom was the plant clintonia named? (P. 50.)
3. Give within 14,000 square miles the area of the Philippine Islands. (P. 53.)
4. Who is Chiang Kai-shek? (P. 45.)
5. Give within five years the time when Maine became a State. (P. 42.)
6. Of what State was Maine previously a part? (P. 42.)
7. Who is President of Mexico? (P. 38.)
8. Which is the smallest of American wrens? (P. 50.)
9. What is Helen Wills's home town? (P. 38.)
10. Why are the "Jenny" type of airplanes so designated? (P. 35.)
11. Why do beavers build dams? (P. 49.)
12. To whom do the Midway Islands belong? (P. 36.)
13. In what body of water are they located? (P. 36.)
14. Who wrote "The Descent of Man"? (P. 39.)
15. To what cause was Wayne B. Wheeler devoted? (P. 40.)
16. What prize did Lord Robert Cecil win for his activities in connection with the League of Nations? (P. 41.)
17. In what State is Muscle Shoals? (P. 63.)
18. What is the last name of the present Mayor of Chicago? (P. 35.)
19. Who made the cosmic ray known to the public? (P. 39.)
20. In the drafting of what document did Colonel House, General Smuts, and Lord Robert Cecil assist Woodrow Wilson? (P. 41.)

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By the Way

It is now contended that the radio was invented by a homely prima donna.

MacTavish had deposited his savings, which amounted to $2,500, in a certain bank. A few weeks later he approached the cashier and demanded his money. He was asked if he did not want to leave a small balance, just to keep the account open.

"No," he persisted, "I want my money."

So the cashier counted out the $2,500 and handed the bundle of notes to him.

With great deliberation he counted the money and handed it back.

"That's O. K.," he said; "I only wanted to see if it was all there."

O. O. McIntyre tells his readers of a bootleg speak-easy in New York City which has this sign on the wall: "Any one can become intoxicated but few can remain ladies and gentlemen." When a speak-easy attempts to give us lessons in etiquette, McIntyre observes, it is about time to quit drinking.

From the "Century:"

The superintendent passed the infant class just as they were all singing:

"I want to be an angel
And with the angels stand
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand."

"Beautiful," said the superintendent, deeply moved. "And does every little girl and boy here want to be an angel?"

On which one little girl said to all:

"I don't. I'd rather be a monkey and swing by my tail."

The United States Public Health Service has exploded the belief that drowning persons always rise three times before finally going down. The victim may come to the surface three or more times or may go down once and drown without rising again. Much depends on the amount of air in the lungs and the clothing worn. Panicky struggling in the water gets the person all out of breath, and sinking is inevitable. By keeping one's lungs filled with air one can float on the surface of the water.

"Golf," says the New York "Sun," "is what letter-carrying, ditch-digging, and carpet-beating would be if those three tasks had to be performed on the same hot afternoon in short pants and colored socks by gouty-looking gentlemen who required a different implement for every mood."

From the Annapolis "Log:"

Little George, the garage mascot, was visiting his aunt. He found the cat in a sunny window, purring cheerfully. "Oh, auntie, come quick," said little George, "the cat has gone to sleep and left his engine running."

A Paris newspaper tells of a French marquis who died recently and in whose will this statement was found: "A 3-karat diamond is hidden in my second molar. Remove the tooth before burying me." The diamond was there. A tip for the owners of high-priced gems afraid of being robbed.

A German inventor has constructed a safe which will release the most deadly of poison gases when a drill penetrates it. This makes it yegg-proof, the inventor declares.

The famous "Child's" restaurants, having become well established on Fifth Avenue in New York City, now call their head waitresses "hostesses"!

A paint manufacturer recently received a request: "Gentlemen: Will you please send us some of your striped paint? We want just enough for one barber pole."

From "Life:"

. . . SHARP curve ahead . . . darn that chicken . . . a skin you love to touch . . . they satisfy . . . what a dilapidated old house . . . it floats . . . 400 rooms with bath . . . from contented cows . . . just soak and rinse . . . what a wonderful view . . . detour . . . safety and interest guaranteed . . . blow some my way . . . best lubrication . . . slow down to 20 mi . . . hot dogs and pop . . . no left turn . . . come again . . . Florid's Nursery . . . 57 varieties . . . there's a fine farm . . . Pottsville was settled in . . . more power, quicker getaway . . . this is a fine stretch of road . . . detour . . . more mileage . . . picture ahead—kodak as you go. . . .

A traveler, stopping at a small Alabama town, asked the friendly old Negro taking him to the hotel in a prehistoric cab his name. "George Washington, sah," was the reply. "Well, that's a name well known to every one in the country," remarked the traveler. "I reckon, sah, it ought to be. I's been drivin' heah for mor'n forty years."

From the London "Humorist:"

First lawyer: "How did your client take his sentence?"

Second lawyer: "Not badly; it just fits in with the time when his twenty-year endowment policy matures!"

Mary H. Moore, of Nashville, Tennessee, writes:

These are some of the reasons why I neither turned gray nor went crazy during three years of teaching English and general history in a Minnesota high school:

Gibbon wrote "The Decline and Fall of Modern History."

Shakespeare went to Chicago in 1587 and in ten years had become the leading literary man of England.

Two provinces of Greece are Upper and Lower Egypt.

Sparta was located in a valley among mountains. They had public tables which everybody ate. They did not believe in going to school.

Bryant wrote "The Iniquity of Freedom."

Milton's early life was about the time of the Civil War, and he wanted to come over to America and fight in the Civil War, but his ambition to be a poet prevented this. But still his writings express his feelings toward the slaves over here.

(Said of Chaucer): His literary style was very good for his little education. His English spelling was not of the best.

(Said of Boswell): A public nuisance and prier into other people's business.

The Normans conquered England about the time of the Trojan War.

"Although women are now wearing only about one-fifth of the clothes they wore ten years ago," observes the Sedgwick County "Sun," "hooks in the closets are just as scarce for husbands."

H w f r s t h d l d s c h l x f r d d n s k n w g d l d p r t f r m l g w d ?

Taking one vowel, insert it as often as necessary between the above consonants, to make a complete sentence.

Answer next week.

Answer to last week's puzzle: "Spare," "parse," "reaps," "pears," "spear."

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Financial Department

Conducted by WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. The Financial Editor regrets that he cannot undertake the discussion of more than five issues of stocks or bonds in reply to any one inquirer. All letters should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y.

How to Make a Will

UNLESS you wish your property to be disposed of after death in accordance with the statutes of your State, you should make a will. This is now a commonplace of financial advice, and if the increase in the wills made within the last few years and filed away in safe places could be measured, it would probably be found to be considerable. When making a will, one is advised to consult a good lawyer, for the reason that a slight legal flaw, such as a non-professional is likely to make, will invalidate an otherwise perfect instrument. But among the things which have not been emphasized about wills and will making is the fact that unless the testator sets forth very clearly in his own mind what he wishes

Are You Overlooking Opportunities in the Newer but Solidly Founded Fields of Bond Investment?

Just as a man changes methods or policies in his business to meet new conditions, so should his invesment viewpoint be flexible. Otherwise his money cannot benefit from employment in thriving situations nor avoid penalty where there is stagnation or decline.

THE steady progress and change that are going on in the business and industrial world must be considered by the bond investor. Observation will make clear that new fields for investment thus develop, some attaining positions of outstanding strength and stability. The automobile is a notable example in the industrial world; real estate bonds, farm loan bonds, foreign bonds, have come into wide popular favor only since the war.

Consider the motion picture industry. It is only about thirty years old, but it has grown to such giant proportions that gross receipts now approximate a billion a year. And what was at first a mere novelty has become almost a necessity in the lives of millions of patrons. The demand is active in all seasons and under widely varying conditions. It meets universally the need for recreation at a price within the reach of all.

Another instance is the publishing business. Until recently great newspapers and magazines seldom went to the public for capital. But growth in this field has been so rapid that the publishing business is now a source of a considerable volume of attractive securities. The earning power of strongly entrenched publications with great circulations and advertising revenues provides a sound basis for long-term credit.

Investors may add safety and often increase their yield by including in their holdings, bonds—whether debenture or first mortgage—of large, established concerns in the newer industries or the newer forms of financing of old industries.

Halsey, Stuart & Co. is on the alert for such investment opportunities, applying the same high standards of conservatism in their appraisal as in older fields of bond financing. It has underwritten, alone or with associates, bond issues of companies subsidiary to prominent interests in the motion picture industry—Fox Film Corporation, Fox Theatres Corporation, and Loew's Incorporated. In the publishing field, issues of such companies as The Chicago Daily News, Inc.; Evening American Publishing Company (Chicago); Minnesota Tribune Company (Minneapolis Tribune); Memphis Commercial Appeal, Inc.; Hearst Publications, Inc.; Hearst Magazines, Inc., and The Butterick Publishing Company.

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his will to do the best lawyer in the world cannot write the will he intends to make.

A case is now pending in the courts of Rhode Island which illustrates this point. A very wealthy lady had her will drafted by a competent lawyer and in one clause directed, as she thought, that a certain portion of her property should go to the technical education of boys and girls. Her trustee was ordered to pay this money over to "such institution or institutions in the State of Rhode Island as they in their sole discretion may deem proper, provided that in making such payment the institution or institutions to which the same shall be made shall have an established course in either technical, industrial, household, or domestic training, and shall be recognized by the Board of Education for the time being of the State of Rhode Island."

It would be a long story to tell why this trust is likely to fail, but a study of the case shows that, while the fault was in part that of the lawyer who drafted the will, the major fault was that of the maker of the will, who did not have clearly and definitely in her own mind, and who, in consequence, did not state clearly and definitely, exactly what she wanted to do. Her intention was plain enough, but *a court cannot assume an intention when the language in which it is expressed does not express it.*

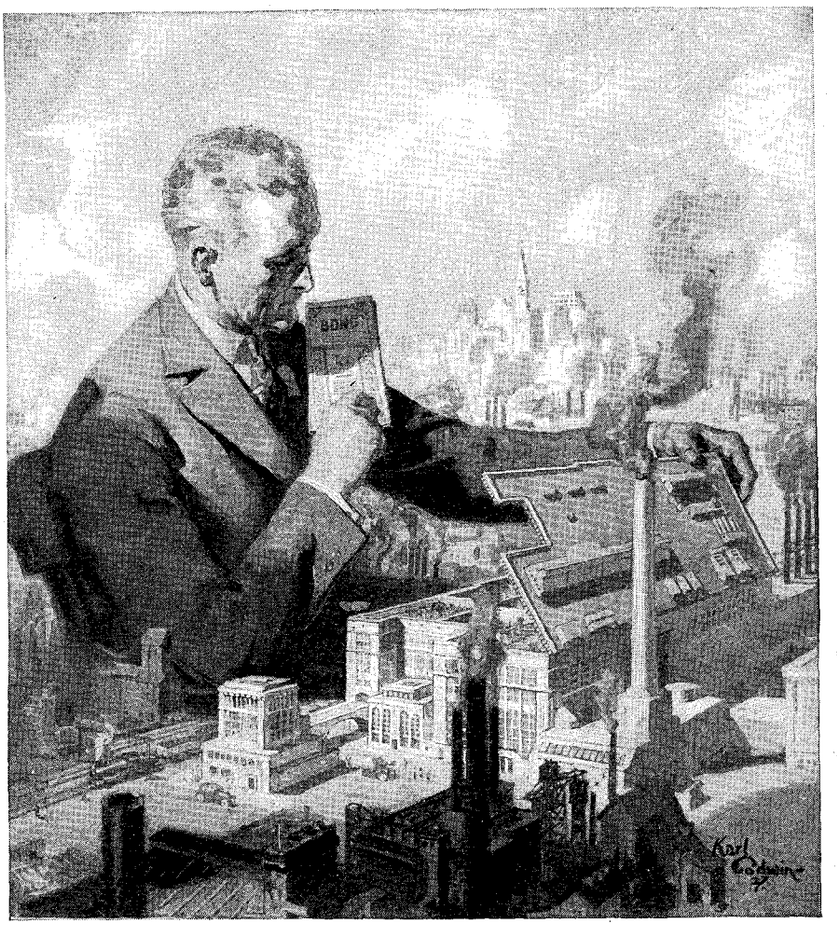
To sum up so far, it is good advice to say that no one should make a will unless and until he has definitely decided in his own mind what he wants his will to accomplish. A will ought to be a deliberately planned act. "Being sound in mind and body" is a phrase used in thousands of wills to indicate that the testator knows what he is doing. But even more valuable it would be for the testator to say: "Being sound in mind and body, having carefully deliberated, bearing no ill will toward any one, and not being in haste, I do now make this my last will and testament."

Don't make a will when you are in a hurry, when you are angry, or when you are sick. To illustrate:[1]

The Hasty Will

HERE, for instance, is what happens when a man acts hastily and with his mind set on getting through with an unpleasant task: A very wealthy man was getting ready for a hunting trip into Africa. A few days before he sailed he realized that his will, made years before, was hopelessly out of date. He sum-

[1] These illustrations are taken from "Wills and Will Making," issued by the American Trust Company of Boston.



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moned his attorney and made a new will. He left large bequests to his wife and children and to a few near relatives. He left a substantial sum to be divided among his servants, without mentioning any specifically by name.

Finding that after these provisions at least $200,000 remained undisturbed, he left the residue of his estate, offhand, to two of his cronies, both men of very large means. He died of typhoid while on the trip. His provision for his immediate family was fair and just. But in his hurry he forgot that the widow of his first cousin was living in very reduced circumstances and that even a part of the $200,000 he passed over so lightly would have made a vast difference in her life. His provision for his servants was unjust, as it made no distinction between those who had been with his family for years and those whose employment might be merely temporary. The most deserving of all, his old gardener, got nothing, because the Court decided that under the terms on which he was hired he could not be classed as a servant.

Another trouble with the hasty will is that the testator very often fails to get clearly in mind what he intends to do. A case in point is a will at present before the courts: The testator leaves a sum of money to his nieces, Mary and Marion—or, in case of their death before the provision for their benefit would take effect, provides that the legacy "shall be given to and divided equally between the children then of either of them surviving." Does this mean that the property which should have gone to them had they lived should be divided into two equal parts, and hence to their respective children, or that it should be divided into as many parts as there were children? Supposing that Mary had one child and Marion six, would Mary's child get one-half or one-seventh of the property?

So much for wills made in haste. Case after case could be cited where kindly and considerate men did cruel things unconsciously, simply because they didn't take time to think.

The Angry Will

IT seems natural to a man to make his will when he is in a towering rage, and the angry will is very often the worst of all, because its injustice is usually worked on some one very near the testator—his children and immediate family. The fact that such a mood usually soon passes and cooler judgment leads to revocation doubtless keeps the great majority of such wills from reaching the probate courts. But by no means all. The recent death of a New York man in a motor accident brought out the fact that he was driving to his lawyer's office to revoke a will he had made a few days before. In a fit of rage over his daughter's refusal to give up her marriage to a young man he disliked, he had disinherited her. He saw the cruelty and injustice of his act, but death prevented his undoing the wrong.

The Sick-Bed Will

WILLS made during extreme illness furnish many convincing arguments for attending to this matter when in full vigor of mind and body. When we are weakened or racked by pain, it is impossible to decide wisely the disposition of our property, or perhaps even to remember those whom we have intended to receive our bequests.

It is fair to assume that an elderly Boston gentleman who died in the Far West intended to leave a substantial sum of money to the son of his former butler and his collection of Mexican pottery to a friend, a collector, like himself. His will, however, left the money to his friend, and a young man who lived in one room in a boarding-house received huge crates of pottery.

Contrary to a popular impression, the proportion of wills that are successfully contested to those that stand is very small. In one large probate district it is said that less than one per cent of the wills probated each year are disallowed. Yet there are innumerable instances of specific clauses in wills which are "thrown out," and in practically every instance their failure can be traced to the mood of the will-maker at the time, to the temporary influences to which he was subject, or to the fact that he didn't do the thing which is at once the easiest and the hardest thing in the world, namely, to plan carefully and with a clear head what he wished to say, and then to say it in unmistakably plain English.

W. L. S.

To Inquiring Readers

A Good List—

7 shares North American common,
2 shares North American preferred,
25 shares Mountain State Power and Light, preferred,
90 shares Standard Gas and Electric Company, preferred,
19 shares Standard Gas and Electric Company, common,
100 shares Union Carbide and Carbon, common,
8 shares White Rock Mineral Springs, first preferred,
1 share White Rock Mineral Springs, second preferred,
7 shares Northern Ontario Light and Power, preferred,
18 shares Commonwealth Power Corporation, preferred,
Forty shares National Power and Light, preferred,
Seven shares American Gas and Electric, preferred,
28 shares General Electric, common,
$2,000 Sierra and San Francisco 5 per cent Bonds, due 1949,
$50 Liberty Bond, First, 4¼s,
70 shares Piggly Wiggly Company, preferred,
50 shares Piggly Wiggly Company, common.

"This," we commented, "is a very good list and contains no really weak spots. Of course, some people feel that there is a certain degree of risk in holding industrial common stocks, but with such sound companies as you have we can see no undue risk. We are glad to note the size of your holdings in General Electric and Union Carbon and Carbide, both of which are excellent stocks.

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"The only suggestion that we would ake would be to check up the market on some of your preferred stocks and, if they are selling at or near call price, sell and buy good investment common stocks or the shares of a good investment trust."

Some Good Bonds—

1. City Ice Company of Kansas City, First, Series A, 6s, due 1940. An issue of $1,715,000 secured by property valued at $4,000,000. The business carries with it valuable contracts. Interest earned by good margin. Rating Bxx.

2. Interstate Public Service Company, First, Series D, 5s, due 1956. Secured by a general mortgage on the property of the company plus a pledge of a 999-year lease and underlying bonds. A population of over 350,000 served. Interest earned twice in 1926 and about 1.6 times in previous years. Rating Bxx.

3. Monongahela West Penn Public Service Company, First and Refunding, Series B, 5½s, due 1953. Secured by a direct and general mortgage, as well as by a pledge of underlying bonds. Interest earned 1.78 times in 1926. Good franchises. Rating A.

4. Pickering Lumber Company (Del.), First Sinking Fund, Series A, 6s, due 1946. Secured by a first mortgage on timber equal to 100 per cent of the bonds and a mortgage on additional assets for another 100 per cent, these ratios to be maintained. Earnings not yet available, as business is a recent consolidation. Rating Bxx.

5. Wisconsin Power and Light, First Lien and Refunding, Series C, 6s, due 1944. Secured by a first mortgage on the entire property of the corporation plus a pledge of $8,670,000 underlying bonds. Interest earned 2.23 times in 1926. Legal for savings banks in Rhode Island. Rating Bxx.

6. West Ohio Gas, First and Refunding, Series A, 6s, due 1954. Secured by a first mortgage on entire property. Interest earned twice. Rating Bxx.

7. Milwaukee Northern Railway Company, First 5s, due 1961. This corporation is controlled through stock ownership by the Milwaukee Electric Railway and Light Company. The mortgage is secured by a street railway in Milwaukee and an interurban from Milwaukee to Sheboygan. During the last five years the interest was earned on an average over two times annually. Rating Bxx.

8. Long Bell Lumber Company, First, Series B, 6s, due 1953. A mortgage similar in essentials to that of the Pickering Lumber Company—200 per cent security. Interest earned 2.86 times in 1926. Rating Bxx.

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MUSCLE Shoals frequently is singled out to illustrate the potential industrial wealth of Alabama and the South. It is *just one* of the many power resources which are fast developing Alabama among the greatest of electrical states in the Union. Its superabundance of water power and water transportation is surpassed in no other state.

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The increasing realization of the developing wealth in Alabama is but one reason for the increasing demand of American investors for sound Southern securities. It is plain that Southern progress, fast building on solid foundations, provides the basis for decidedly attractive investments.

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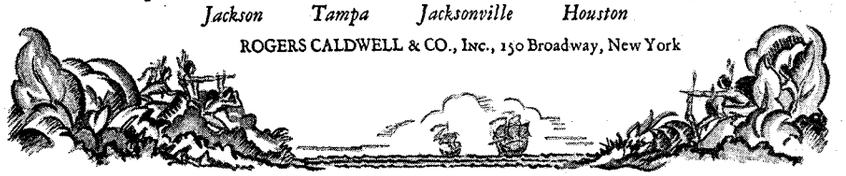

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As a graduate in both medicine and in civil engineering—the two great life-saving professions of the world—I must accuse you of unfairness to Hudson Maxim (May 18, 1927).

Why always visualize war? Explosives do our mining, railroad and highway building, and innumerable other useful works, including provision of electric power and water supply—the principal factor in health. Even in war they have decreased the percentage of loss. I served two and one-half years under the British flag and two under our own, and know whereof I speak. The auto kills—in this country—about as fast as our former enemies in the war, but how many does it save from typhoid, tetanus, etc. Why not condemn its inventor?

When we name our schools and squares and streets after the men who won the war by their constructive efforts—Reid, Carroll, Lazear, Ricketts, Gorgas, Wood, and Roosevelt (who visualized the value of world transportation)—rather than for those who supervised destructive work such as Pershing and Dewey (this is not adverse criticism), we shall go far in eliminating the collective duel, war, as we have already with the individual duel.

F. A. Richardson.

San Francisco, California.

Production and Consumption

We have an over-production, or, as some choose to call it, an under-consumption, of all farm products to-day. If we were to increase the selling price on these commodities, we would only encourage greater production, which would further increase the amount of over-production.

Production and consumption, therefore, are the two salient points in the farm situation.

If the manufacturers of clothing, boots and shoes, farm implements, steel, automobiles, or any of the other basic industries meet this same situation, and they are meeting it continuously, the first step they take to correct the condition is to reduce production. Why not the farmer?

The Government cannot compel reduced production, but it can assist in not encouraging over-production. The Department of the Interior should withdraw from homestead rights every acre of public land not already filed upon, thereby assisting by not aiding this over-production. Why produce more when we already have too much?

The yield of the great number of homesteads is fairly comparable to the tremendous volume of business done by the five and ten cent stores throughout the country—small individual sales, but enormous in the aggregate.

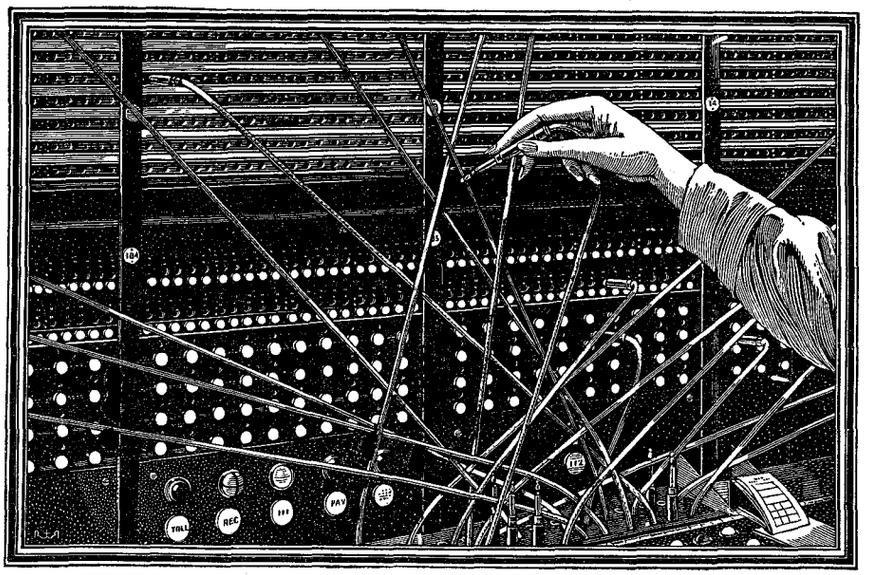
There are undoubtedly authentic statistics available showing that we have fewer farmers in the United States to-day than we had ten years ago. Still the production is greater, due to increased yield per acre per man, which is explained by improved farming methods, such as power farming, proper fertilization, certified seed, and many other points which the farmer has been taught by our very efficient Department of Agriculture. Why, then, throw more acres under the plow for this same increased yield?

The Government in the past has financed large irrigation projects. Some of these have been successful, while others have been dismal failures. Farmers who have been induced to buy land under these irrigation ditches have been unable to keep up their payments and in many instances to even pay their water rent, and have been compelled to admit failure and desert their land, losing their payments and many a month of hard labor. The land then again reverts to the Government for resale to the next applicant, and still the Government does not get its money back out of the project. About the only good that has ever come to the taxpayer whose money was used in the construction is a monument such as the Shoshone Dam, that may be seen by travelers who enter or leave the Yellowstone National Park by the Cody Gateway.

It would seem that one or two of such monuments should be enough, but during the closing hours of the last Congress much time and talk was spent on the Swing-Johnson Boulder Dam, for another Government irrigation project. Fortunately, this bill was not passed, and it should not pass; nor should any other bill pass which diverts one cubic foot of water from its natural channel for irrigation purposes, nor should a single acre of land be opened for homesteading until consumption has at least approached production, whether the product be cattle, sheep, grain, cotton, fruit, or walnuts.

Sidney S. Porter.

Illoming Hereford Ranch,
Sheridan, Wyoming.



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In plant and personnel, the Bell System is in effect a vast switchboard serving a nation that has been transformed into a neighborhood through telephone growth and development.

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